Volume XII. Number 8.

The UNITARIAN

Copy 2 Mss IV

AUGUST, 1897.

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GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS FOR ENGLAND: H. RAWSON & CO., 16 NEW BROWN ST., MANCHESTER.

One Dollar per Year. Single Copy, 10 Cents.

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One Dollar for Twelve Months.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, - - 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

The UNITARIAN

Volume XII. AUGUST, 1897 Number 8.

GREAT CHAPTERS FROM THE GREATEST BOOK.

The great worth of the Bible to all who seek the righteous life is sufficiently proved in history by the strength, inspiration, and comfort it has afforded. In the present series of articles on "Great Chapters from the Greatest Book" the best results of criticism are set forth in a popular way, and an effort is made to emphasize those deep religious truths that are good for all time.

THE NEW TESTAMENT. LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST.

"THE CALL AND CONSECRATION."

Gospel according to Matthew.

CHAPTER IV.

Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil. And, when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he afterward hungered. And the tempter came, and said unto him, If thou art the Son of God, command that these stones become bread. But he answered, and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Then the devil taketh him into the holy city; and he set him on the pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him, If thou art the Son of God, cast thyself down; for it is written,

He shall give his angels charge concerning thee;
And on their hands they shall bear thee up,
Lest haply thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Jesus said unto him, Again it is written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God. Again the devil taketh him unto an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and he said unto him, All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. Then the devil leaveth him; and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

Now, when he heard that John was delivered up, he withdrew into Galilee; and, leaving Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is by the sea, in the borders of Zebulun and Naphtali, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Isaiah the prophet, saying,

The land of Zebulun and the land of Naphtali,
Toward the sea, beyond Jordan,
Galilee of the Gentiles,
The people which sat in darkness
Saw a great light,
And to them which sat in the region and shadow of death,
To them did light spring up.

From that time began Jesus to preach, and to say, Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

And, walking by the sea of Galilee, he saw two brethren, Simon who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers. And he saith unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left the nets, and followed him. And, going on from thence, he saw other two brethren, James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother, in the boat with Zebedee, their father, mending their nets; and he called them. And they straightway left the boat and their father, and followed him.

And Jesus went about in all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of disease and all manner of sickness among the people. And the report of him went forth into all Syria. And they brought unto him all that were sick, holden with divers diseases and torments, possessed with devils and epileptic, and palsied; and he healed them. And there followed him great multitudes from Galilee and Decapolis and Jerusalem and Judæa and *from* beyond Jordan.

FROM the great chapters of the Old Testament to those of the New is a strange transition. If we look in our Bibles, we find Malachi next to Matthew, with not even a blank page between. But from Malachi to Matthew is really a leap of five hundred years. It is strange, indeed, that we should have no Biblical record of this period; for no time in the history of the Jewish nation was so crowded with exciting interest.

The political revival, under the strong, influence of the great Isaiah, could not long save the poor little kingdom of Judah from the savage attacks of its powerful neighbors. A hundred years after Isaiah's death Jerusalem had been plundered and burnt, and the Judeans carried off to Babylon. Fifty years later the Persian conquest of Babylon liberated the Jews, and strong parties of them returned to Judea (under pledges of loyalty to Persia) and rebuilt the temple at Jerusalem amid "songs of praise and sound of trumpet." But another century saw the Persian empire fall before the armies of Alexander, and the Jews became subject to the Greeks, many being carried away and settled in Alexandria. The temple at Jerusalem was given over to the worship of Jupiter, the synagogues were closed, and the religion of the children of Israel violently suppressed. But still another brilliant political effort was to be made. Judas Maccabæus gathered round him the valiant remnant of Israel, who were prepared to perish in a last struggle for independence. He retook Jerusalem, cleansed the temple, and re-established the freedom of his people.

But at this moment there came across the sky the shadow of an eagle's wing,—a shadow from which this turbulent little nation never could escape alive. With resistless power Rome swept toward her. An alliance soon became simply submission, and submission death. But in the very hush of this most melancholy pause, when, as it were, the talons of Rome were fastened upon the trembling people, and the beak of the all-conquering Roman eagle was raised to strike, every Jewish eye strained forward in the darkness, hoping against hope if, in the very face of impending national death, it might not, even yet, see somewhere the approaching figure of the expected Messiah.

And, behold, a Messiah appeared,—Jesus of Nazareth, a relative of the prophet preacher, John the Baptist, poor in worldly goods, the son of a carpenter, but belonging to one of the highest Hebrew families, a descendant of the great David. He has been well trained in the synagogue schools, a student of law and medicine and theology. He is now in the mature strength of manhood, filled with a profound human sympathy, gifted in spirit, mind, and person, in the fulness of a glorious manhood ready for any task to which the infinite Father may give him summons. So he seeks the solitude of the barren mountain side, to concentrate his thoughts and consecrate his soul.

He goes to meet God. It is a Pilgrim's Progress: Apollyon is in the path. Before the goal of peace can be attained, the devil must be slain.

So the evil one appears to Jesus, and says: You must have wonderful gifts, such a man as you are claiming to be a Messiah.

Why not turn your gifts to some account? Make yourself famous, do something wonderful; give your powers to enriching Israel and restoring the jewels to Jerusalem. Turn the stones of poverty to the bread of riches.

But Jesus said, There is something better than bread.

Then the devil took him up to a higher place, and said, Look about: can you imagine anything more beautiful than these rolling meadows, watered with sparkling streams, shaded with trees, or these purple-laden vineyards? You can easily drive out the tyrant rulers of this fruitful land, and make yourself king, with all the luxurious power that Solomon had, by a little skilful plotting, a little bloodshed, a little working upon the people by the power of your silver speech.

But Jesus said, Though I had to make my bed with the wild foxes, I would not depart from the simple righteousness which is man's first service to his God.

Then the devil, tempting him still further, said: I don't believe you are a Messiah at all. If you were, you could leap down into this abyss without hurting yourself; for is it not written, He shall give his angels charge over thee, lest haply thou dash thy foot against a stone?

But Jesus resisted this also, saying, The work which God *intends* for me is that only which I must do.

Then the devil left him, and Jesus returns in "the power of the Spirit."

He feels himself master of the divine message. He has read again and again the cries, the appeals, the lamentations, of the old prophets; but now he sees the fulfilment of their efforts, he will complete and not ignore them. They struggled in the darkness, seeing only faint gleams of approaching day. In him the day has dawned. He feels in himself the light, the divine, the everlasting light of truth, the light "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." It is all clear to him as noonday,—such a revelation, such a conviction, such a soul illumination, that he can calmly, grandly say that sublimest utterance of human lips,—"I and the Father are one." Long had he waited, long prepared; but now the kindling inspiration bursts into a glorious flame. He sees, he feels, he knows.

One thing only is to be settled. The message is ready, burning upon his lips and in his soul; the call has come. How, how shall he carry to the hearts of his people the truth that God has given? How interpret the message? How reveal to the world his own revelation?

It must be by a most absolute self-consecration to the task. All else must be forgotten. A consecration not only of thought, not only of word, but of life. It was good to tell of the Father's love; but the perfect revelation would not only tell, it would show. He must so consecrate himself, so place his whole being at the command of and in touch with God, that his life as well as words and teaching would manifest the very purpose of the Father. What a consecration was this! Jesus felt intensely the tremendous duties he was assuming,—not those only of a teacher, but of a living type of the divine life of God the Father. In a mocking, sinning world should he be equal to it? Could he bear the sorrows, suffering, and pain that he must encounter? Only by this absolute consecration, this making his meat and drink simply to do the Father's will.

He triumphs over doubts only by this perfect, self-forgetting consecration, absolute obedience. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

But he does triumph, and by the intensity of this great power of consecration. This is the lesson of this period of his life. Can we not realize, at least faintly, what it was? Does not something of this divine self-surrender suggest itself at times to every child of God? When from the clouds of grief and sorrow, from beneath burdens that we are just about ready to drop, from beneath misfortunes, worries, and the unhappinesses of life, we at last begin to see that God has purpose in it all, begin to feel our hard hearts melted with tenderness, because we see that he is always a Father, and that in our very troubles he is only giving us a call to come up closer to himself. Then, though our eyes may fill with tears, do we not feel something of this consecration? This willing self-surrender of our way to his, an earnest desire in our love to God to serve him only?

O blessed hour of consecration! It is then we touch, as Jesus touched, the very hand of God. Ah, yes! If we could only

hold that hand as Jesus did, like him we should be lifted up.

Surely, we can believe with Matthew that, after this absolute, this perfect consecration, there was divine peace, "and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him."

OUR CHURCHES.

UNITY CHURCH, DENVER, COL.

On May 31, 1871, there appeared in the Denver morning papers a notice, which said that at three o'clock on the following Sunday afternoon there would be preaching in the District Court-room, on Larimer Street, by Rev. L. E. Beckwith, Unitarian minister from Boston, and that all persons interested in liberal Christianity were cordially invited to be present.

Who Rev. Mr. Beckwith was, and how he chanced to be in Denver, no one knew; but when the hour arrived, the party of forty or fifty persons who, moved by curiosity or otherwise, assembled in the court-room, saw seated in the judge's chair, behind the desk, a youthful but scholarly-looking man, who, after opening the services by the reading of hymns, prayer, etc., proceeded to deliver a well-digested, logical, and eloquent discourse, illustrating the religious ideas common to the Unitarian denomination. The discourse was well received, and all seemed interested.

The singing was, of course, congregational, and was led by Mrs. Beckwith. After the close of the services the congregation, who were mostly strangers to each other, remained to introduce themselves to Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith and to each other; and it was then and there learned that Mr. Beckwith was recently graduated from Harvard, had as yet charge of no church, but was visiting his parents, who resided in Denver, and desired, if practicable, to establish a Unitarian Society in Denver. There were present at that meeting some of the present active members of the Unity Church, and there were sown the first seeds the fruitage of which is our present organization and the noble building in which we worship to-day.

Mr. Beckwith preached in the same place the following Sunday, and in the mean time two meetings were held, and a formal call, signed by a goodly number of names, was presented to Mr. Beckwith, asking him to organize a Unitarian church and become its pastor.

Pursuant to this, a meeting was called early in June, 1871, at the residence of D. D. Belden, to organize such society.

This organization was effected under the name of "The First Unitarian Society of Denver," with the following "Expression of Faith" and "Declaration of Purpose" as a basis of union: —

EXPRESSION OF FAITH.

We believe in the unity of God. We have faith in the immortality of the soul. We recognize the spiritual element in humanity and the necessity of its development and cultivation.

DECLARATION OF PURPOSE.

Our object shall be to study the principles and practise the duties of a pure and undefiled religion.

We would cherish the faith in a God of infinite goodness, wisdom, and perfection.

We would seek the truth wherever we may find it, whether in the principles that God has expressed in the universe of matter, in the inspired words of the great and good of all ages and climes, or the law of conscience which the Creator has written on the tablets of our own hearts.

We would endeavor to establish the law of a pure and perfect morality in our daily lives.

We would unite and work together in sympathy, bearing one another's burdens, helping the needy, cheering the sorrowful, reforming the vicious, aiding each other in the endeavor after a pure and holy life, assisting one another, both by precept and example, in the search after truth and after God.

The officers of the First Unitarian Society then elected were: —

Pastor, Rev. L. E. Beckwith; trustees, D. D. Belden (chairman), George C. Beckwith, Alfred Sayre, D. C. Dodge, John L. Dailey; secretary, Mrs. William H. Greenwood; treasurer, Col. E. H. Powers.

Various committees were appointed for the different departments of church work.

Subsequently, Aug. 17, 1871, the society was duly incorporated under the laws of the Territory of Colorado.

From the District Court-room the society went to the old Denver Theatre, corner of Lawrence and G (now 16th) Streets, where they continued until the summer vacation. Upon their reassembling, Oct. 1, 1871, the school-room of the Methodist Seminary (now Denver University) had been rented; but, after holding service there two Sundays, notice was received from the trustees of the seminary that the society could no longer occupy the room.

Being unable to secure any hall or public room suitable, the pastor opened the parlor of his house on California Street, between 17th and 18th, and there religious services were first held Oct. 15, 1871.

The number attending the Unitarian services, during all these months, ranged from thirty to fifty persons.

Among those in attendance, and whose names were subscribed to the church book, were a large number of Universalists, who generously threw aside all prejudices for their own church name, and joined heartily with Unitarians in the effort to establish a liberal church in Denver.

These members have to this day co-operated harmoniously and most efficiently in all church work, and to their zeal and fidelity is largely due the success of "The First Unitarian Society of Denver."

Sunday services continued in the parlor of the pastor's residence until Dec. 5, 1871, when a hall was rented in Crow's Block on Holliday Street (now Market Street). This hall was occupied during the week, through the winter, by the House of Representatives of the Territorial Legislative Assembly. The floor was covered with sawdust, and all the surroundings and appointments were as unchurchlike as possible.

One hundred common wooden chairs were purchased, and the small cabinet organ previously secured was removed thither; and in this bare, unattractive hall, reached by two long flights of stairs, the little society continued to struggle for an existence.

In the mean time, an efficient Ladies' Aid Society had been organized, and, under its auspices, numerous festivals, dime socials, and other gatherings promoted the social life of the church and secured much material aid with which to meet necessary expenses. The pastor's salary was raised wholly by subscription.

On May 8, 1872, Mr. Beckwith resigned his pastorate of the church because of failing health, which resignation was accepted May 26, 1872.

After the departure of Mr. Beckwith, Sunday lay services were continued for many weeks in the same hall, sermons being read by Mr. John M. Moore, one of the oldest and most respected members of the society (now some years since passed on to his rest).

These services were quite as well attended as any previous ones, and the interest seemed unabated.

In August Rev. S. S. Hunting, Western Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, visited Denver with a view to ascertain the condition and wishes of the little society, and to assist in securing them a pastor.

A public meeting was called at Crow's Hall Sunday, Aug. 18, 1872, at which Mr. Hunting was present.

A subscription for the renewal of services with a minister was opened and signed by a number of the leading members, with the understanding that the secretary provide and send a suitable person to take charge of the society as pastor.

Correspondence was at once opened with Rev. W. G. M. Stone, of Berlin, Wis., which resulted in his accepting the call made to him, and on the eighth day of October, 1872, he arrived in Denver and reported himself in readiness for the work.

The first Sunday after his arrival there were no services, for the reason that no room could be obtained.

A committee appointed to secure some place for worship opened negotiations with the pastor of the 17th Street Presbyterian Church for the use of their building Sunday afternoons, but a very pleasant little note received from him stated that the trustees of his church deemed it unsuitable to rent to the Unitarian Society.

Before the next Sunday, however, the committee had secured for Sunday, August 30, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the place then familiarly known as the "Baptist Dug-Out," corner of Curtis and G

(now 16th) Streets. This consisted of a cellar or basement, mostly underground and wholly without superstructure, and roofed over with common rough boards. There were held, with forty persons present, the first religious services under Rev. Mr. Stone. It was, however, decided by the committee not best to engage this basement further, because of its want of light and other unfavorable conditions, but to accept the offer of Messrs. Belden & Powers for the free use of their offices, in Ruter's Block, on G (now 16th) Street, which offices were upon the ground floor.

There was organized by Rev. Mr. Stone on Sunday, Feb. 2, 1873, the first Sunday-school of the Unitarian Society, with nineteen named as members, and here the society continued to hold its services for six months, or until April 6, 1873. At that time it being decided that the rooms, though pleasant and comfortable, were too small for the congregation—now showing some small signs of life and growth—the committee again engaged the "Old Theatre" at a rent of $30 per month; and from April, 1873, until autumn of the same year services were held in that place.

During the two and a half years that the society had been in existence the one great want had been that of a permanent place of worship. In that time *seven* changes had been made, and not one of the rooms occupied had been suitable, and nothing better was in prospect. The building of a church edifice had been, therefore, for several months discussed, as a necessity to the growth and even the *existence* of the society; and on Feb. 23, 1873, there was held the first meeting at which official action was taken with reference to building a church.

Messrs. Stone and Powers were appointed a committee to interview architects regarding plans of building not to exceed $10,000 in cost.

During the next three months many meetings were held, plans of architects examined and discussed, ways and means of obtaining subscriptions considered, and, in short, the best thought and energy of both pastor and people were devoted toward the effort for a church building. Soon, however, after the procuring of subscriptions had begun,—viz., at a meeting held June 22, 1873—the Subscription Committee reported that it would be impossible to purchase lots and build a church costing $10,000; and they were instructed to secure plans for a building not to exceed $5,000. About this time were purchased four lots, corner of 17th and California Streets, for the sum of $2,500, $1,200 being paid down, and the balance to be paid in five years, with interest at twelve per cent. per annum; and the work of building was at once commenced. The building was of wood, of Gothic architecture, with stained-glass windows, and a seating capacity of two hundred and twenty-five. It was neatly finished and furnished, and was dedicated Sunday, Dec. 28, 1873.

Rev. S. S. Hunting was present and assisted, preaching morning and evening to a crowded house; and on that day, by unanimous vote, the name "Unity" was given to the church.

Thus, after a hard struggle, the society found itself in possession of a house of worship, but the labors and anxieties through which it had been accomplished need not be told and cannot be realized. The year 1873 was one of great financial depression throughout the whole country. Business men were extremely cautious, and parted with their money with reluctance, so that subscriptions were obtained and collections made with difficulty, and it was only by untiring and prolonged efforts that money had been raised; and the pride and satisfaction of the little society in taking possession of their new church was somewhat tempered by the fact that a debt of $3,000 rested upon the property. Still, hope and courage filled the hearts of all.

After entering the new church the house was well filled, the pews nearly all rented, and a year of reasonable prosperity followed.

On Sunday, Jan. 23, 1875, Rev. Mr. Stone resigned the pastorate of the church, although remaining some three months thereafter. From that date until Oct. 27, 1878, no regular pastor occupied the pulpit. These were dark days for Unity Church. The financial depressions of the country continued, and, being without regular services, the congregation became scattered and the revenue small and uncertain.

Occasional services were held by Unitarian ministers, casually in the city, and in the summer of 1876 Rev. J. H. Dudley

preached for three months. This was the longest ministration during the two and a half years. Still a deep interest and a determined purpose on the part of many remained, and lay services were frequently held, and the Sunday-school was pretty faithfully kept up.

In the autumn of 1878 a call was sent to Rev. William R. Alger, who accepted, and preached his first sermon in Denver Oct. 27, 1878. The well-known reputation of Mr. Alger for scholarly attainments, and his high standing in the Unitarian denomination, gave the society at once a prominence which it had not hitherto attained.

For a time the little church was crowded, and much encouragement was entertained for the future; but after a few months the interest largely died out, so that at the end of Mr. Alger's year the society seemed to have made little or no real progress, while its financial condition was even worse than ever before.

In fact, from a period of great expectation, and even exaltation, the society had passed to one of almost utter discouragement and despair, and the society experienced a season of greater embarrassment and depression than had ever before existed. It was found that the expenses of the year had exceeded the income in the sum of nearly one thousand dollars, with no money in the treasury to meet the debt.

At a meeting of the trustees of the church they unanimously voted to turn over the affairs of Unity Church, social, religious, and especially financial, into the hands of the ladies of the church, whose zeal, fidelity, faith, courage, and executive ability had been fully proved. The trustees and most of the male members of Unity Church were active business men, occupied with their own duties and wholly unable to give time and thought to the problem of Unity's finances. Their counsel, however, to the ladies was to sell the property, pay the debts, and consider the effort to establish a liberal church in Denver a failure.

It was said, and with much force, that, if a man with Mr. Alger's ability could not keep up the interest in a liberal society, and be fairly supported in Denver, it would be scarcely reasonable to make further efforts and further sacrifices.

It is not possible for those living in the East to realize the difficulties of establishing and maintaining liberal religious organizations in the "Far West," where the population is continually shifting and changing. Large numbers of those at one time and another interested in and working with the church had gone from the city, and of those remaining none could tell the changes which one year would bring.

But the struggles for its existence and perpetuity had been too long and great, and there were those who could not give it up. The ladies of the church resolved not to surrender.

The church property at this time was valued at $8,000, but at a forced sale it would bring scarcely $7,000. But, confident of the growth of Denver and the consequent advance of property in value, the ladies resolved upon an attempt to pay the floating debt of $1,000, keep up the interest on the large debt of $3,000, and hold the property, believing, if they could do so, a brighter day would dawn.*

To this end they voted to have no minister and no Sunday services for one year, to rent the church building for thirty dollars per month to a society desiring its use, and to labor diligently for the payment of the floating debt. For this purpose each of the trustees generously contributed $50, thus reducing the debt by $250. During the year the ladies earned, in the Aid Society and by entertainments, etc., nearly $1,000, and in the summer began correspondence with the East with the purpose of again securing a minister to fill Unity pulpit. The Rev. R. L. Herbert, having accepted a call to Denver, preached his first sermon Sept. 19, 1880.

Mr. Herbert was a man of talent, a profound thinker, a forcible writer, and a conscientious and laborious pastor. His first determination was to secure the payment of the church debt, now increased to $3,700; and by his efforts a donation of $1,000 was promised from the American Unitarian Association on condition that the remaining

* It may be said that their decision has been more than justified by the sale of the same property by the church for $24,000, and later by others for $50,000; and it is now held at perhaps three times that sum.

$2,700 be immediately raised. By the generous contributions of the trustees and friends of the church this was accomplished; and in the spring of 1881 the debt was paid, and the church property freed from encumbrance.

In August, 1881, Mr. Herbert died suddenly. There seemed to have been given him a work to do in Denver; and after his coming he quickly accomplished that work, and went home to his rest. The payment of the church debt is Mr. Herbert's memorial, and his name must ever be gratefully associated with Unity Church.

From Mr. Herbert's death in August, 1881, there were no regular services until March 19, 1883, when Rev. A. M. Weeks of Chelsea, Mass., preached his first sermon in Unity pulpit. Mr. Weeks was a noble man, much beloved both as friend and minister. He brought to his work the enthusiasm of high aims and earnest devotion to the cause of liberal religion; and his sudden death, Jan. 29, 1884, at the age of thirty-three, left the society overwhelmed with grief at his early death and their own great loss.

Notwithstanding the deep discouragement consequent upon the loss of two such ministers as Mr. Herbert and Mr. Weeks, the church work was not allowed to languish. Lay services were kept up for many weeks; and during the summer sermons were preached by Messrs. Hinckley, Van Ness, Crooker, and Laird Collier. In July a call was extended to Rev. Thomas Van Ness; and on Sunday, Oct. 13, 1884, his installation took place at Unity Church. Present and assisting: Rev. John Snyder of St. Louis; Rev. E. Powell of Topeka; Rev. J. T. Gibbs of Greeley; Rev. C. G. Howland of Lawrence.

During the first two years of Mr. Van Ness's pastorate the steadily increasing congregation made the need of a new and larger church building more and more imperative.

In the spring of 1887 the church property, corner of California and 17th Streets, was sold for $24,000, and lots purchased at the corner of Broadway and 19th Avenue for the sum of $14,000. Here on Nov. 9, 1886, was laid with appropriate and impressive ceremonies the corner-stone of the present church building. The building is of brick, with red stone trimmings, of Romanesque architecture, and has a seating capacity of nine hundred and twenty. Besides the spacious entrance hall and the beautiful audience-room there are commodious Sunday-school-rooms, parlors, and all that is necessary to the social as well as the religious work of the society.

Beautiful memorial windows keep fresh the memory of our beloved dead. The new church was dedicated Sept. 4, 1887. Rev. Messrs. Minot J. Savage and Brooke Herford of Boston were present, and preached morning and evening; and, to those who had labored so long and faithfully, the beautiful new church, the eagerly listening throng, filling every possible space, profoundly interested and moved by the stirring words they heard, seemed the fruition of all their hopes.

During the following two years, in which Mr. Van Ness continued to preach, there was ever-increasing interest; and the church and congregation came into active prominence in benevolent and philanthropic work. Failing health compelled Mr. Van Ness's resignation Oct. 1, 1889.

On Nov. 10, 1889, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot of Cambridge, Mass., was ordained in Unity Church. Under his ministry large numbers were added to the church, the Sunday-school doubled its numbers, and the various activities of the society—social, literary, benevolent, and religious—gave each its own particular aid toward the life of the beloved church.

In 1893 Rev. S. A. Eliot resigned, in order to accept a call to the First Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, N.Y.

Rev. N. A. Haskell then became pastor of the Denver church. His time fell in the unfortunate period of financial depression. He completed his second year, and then resigned.

Rev. David Utter came in February, 1896, and after a month's work got the church together, and persuaded them to meet regularly till July. By that time they were ready to engage him for a year, which time is now fulfilled; and the outlook is very much improved.

Faith is the highest individual experience, because it conquers the pride of the understanding.—*John Sterling.*

THE FIRST WORK OF A GREAT AUTHOR: RUFFINI'S "LORENZO BENONI."

"The love for Italy is a malady which is fated to condemn to suffering all whom it seizes upon."—*From a letter of Giovanni Ruffini, about* 1848.

In the days, now so long ago, when Charlotte Brontë's voice had first grown silent, and George Eliot's, as a novelist, had scarcely yet been heard, a book appeared called simply "Doctor Antonio, a Tale of Italy," which soon attracted wide-spread attention and admiration from the English-speaking world. Its author was a certain John Ruffini, of whom comparatively little was known, save that he was a Genoese, had been an early friend of Mazzini, who accompanied him to England in 1837, and had made his abode in Paris since 1841.

Written in most pure and flowing English, without errors, slang, or blemish, this book might have stood for a wonder, viewed merely as the work of a foreigner composing in a tongue acquired in maturity. It had little in the way of a plot. The characters were but few. It was generally earnest, sometimes mournful in its tone, and painfully tragic in its close, although by no means destitute of a vein of subtle and delicate humor throughout. One might call it a sort of *Tendenzschrift*, its main object (apart from the charming love-story) being to depict the state of things in Italy previous to and directly following upon the movements of 1848. It had little in common with either the sensational or the realistic schools of our day. And yet, by persons of the most widely differing tastes and standards, this "Doctor Antonio" was soon pronounced to be one of the loveliest, purest, and most perfect novels ever written, in its own way absolutely unique; a book which fascinated and held us captive by its rare and delicate beauty, while pervading our memories with that atmosphere of poetry and of sorrow, that lofty and heroic sadness, which is left by some noble tragedy when the curtain falls.

Those who had been stirred by the story of the Sicilian patriot Antonio and the lovely English Lucy Davenne were not surprised to hear that this exquisite romance, so full of finished beauty, was not its author's maiden effort. Two years before, in 1853, he had published "Lorenzo Benoni, or Passages in the Life of an Italian," in the form of an autobiography. Genial and companionable, whether it be sad or lively, it is one of those books that we may pick up almost anywhere, sure of lighting upon something worth reading, and laying it down with a wish to know more of the fortunes of its hero, whom nearly every one felt inclined to identify with its author.*

The biographer of Ruffini has given us to understand that "Lorenzo Benoni" was intended for a picture of his life at school and college.† That it is only to be taken as an idealization of his youth is proved from information supplied by Prof. Carlo Cagnacci in his interesting work, "Giuseppe Mazzini e i Fratelli Ruffini," issued in 1893. This consists of letters (copiously annotated by the editor) from the exiled Ruffinis to their mother, the original of the lovable, sorrow-stricken, saintly Signora Eleonora in "Doctor Antonia," besides a number to her from Mazzini, and a few fragments of Agostino Ruffini's writings, in both verse and prose.

There is something painfully disenchanting in the knowledge that "Lorenzo Benoni" must be viewed chiefly as a romance, save for the slim foundation of facts furnished by Agostino's autobiographical record of his youth. We should prefer to retain our first faith in its being a somewhat heightened but, on the whole, correct outline of Giovanni's early years. That his boyhood was a rather grave and thoughtful one, not unlike that of Lorenzo, it seems impossible to doubt. Melancholy by nature, he appears to have known little happiness at home except in his affection for his brother Jacopo and his mother. Not in vain did he choose the name "Benoni" (son of my sorrow) for his hero. Each one of the five Ruffinis in some way (as Agostino

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* Admirers of Ruffini may be glad to know that "Doctor Antonio" has of late years been republished both by Dillingham of New York and McClurg of Chicago, in low-priced paper-covered editions; also that "Lorenzo Benoni," though out of print in America, can be had, as Vol. 571 of the Tauchnitz series, from F. W. Christern of New York, price fifty cents.

† Giovanni Ruffini, uno Studio. Per Arturo Linaker. Firenze, 1882.

writes, in exile) was to be a source of sore grief to the mother whom they adored.

Ottavio, the eldest, while eschewing politics and living at home, is slightly (one might say slightingly) sketched by Cagnacci as pleasure-loving, indolent, and self-indulgent. Vincenzo, while a student of medicine, had, for some unexplained reason, committed suicide by throwing himself out of a window. The third, most gifted and promising of the brothers, Jacopo (born on the same day as Mazzini, June 22, 1805), paid the natural penalty of his devotion to the cause of Young Italy by being arrested, and (his mind, as it is believed, having been weakened by the horrors of a solitary imprisonment and the terror of betraying his companions) killed himself one night in his cell by opening a vein in his throat.

Giovanni Domenico, the future novelist, was born in September, 1807. Destined to make their name famous, he was considered less talented in his youth than either Jacopo or the youngest brother, Agostino. There was also a daughter, Nina, of whom we hear little, save that she was married to a Genoese named Durante in 1838.

Their mother came of a noble family, her proper title being the Marchesa Eleonora Curlo Ruffini. The father (evidently by no means a loved parent) was a lawyer and a magistrate, highly respected, and, as we surmise, much tried by the political vagaries of his promising sons, who, regardless of the duty of trying to labor in their professions of law and medicine, flung their worldly prospects to the winds by helping Mazzini to conspire, and to found "Young Italy." We cannot judge how far he may have been portrayed or caricatured as the father of his hero, the worthy but stiff-necked *Hausteufel*, who ruled his household with a rod of iron. Lorenzo Benoni is introduced to the reader as domiciled in a town between Nice and Genoa (intended for Taggia) at the house of his father's brother, an elderly canon, briefly described as having been "good rather than bad," but who lets the nervous, shy, solitary child be tyrannized over and half-starved by his housekeeper, who was "bad rather than good." Here he was taught Latin, for threepence an hour, by a tall, grim, lanky, sallow-faced, hungry young abbé, who made him decline *bonus* with its comparative *bonior*, superlative *bonissimus*. After two years (he had been sent there from Genoa at seven) his stay was suddenly cut short.

A widower of seventy-four, who lived near the canon, having chosen to remarry, his neighbors, according to ancient local custom, for three successive evenings treated him to a serenade of discordant music,—pans, shovels, chains, squealing pigs, and braying donkeys. Strictly forbidden to join the merry youngsters who were assisting with this delightful uproar, Lorenzo on the third evening could not resist the temptation of stealing out, and was just beginning to enjoy himself by helping to rattle big chains, when he was pounced upon by the watchful housekeeper, dragged home in disgrace, and kept in solitary confinement for many days. He next ran away, trying to get back to his parents, but was soon recaptured. And the end of it was that his father, irritated by the complaints of the canon, sent for the poor boy to return to Genoa, where he was entered at the Collegio Reale, being barely nine years old.

Of his first two years at this seminary (which, as he says, corresponds to an English public school) he merely tells us that they contained much misery of body and mind. The next two proved more endurable, but it is only of the last year that he gives us a detailed account.

It is a most lively and entertaining chronicle, which we have not space even to sketch in outline. A few instances will serve to show the contrast between the Italian boy's experiences and those of his Anglo-Saxon contemporaries. This royal college was under the complete control of the Somaschi Fathers, headed by a certain "Father Rettore," who, as he says, was "czar and pope in one." Lorenzo, now grown into a tall, precocious, promising scholar of thirteen, was one day summoned to this august presence, and informed that he had incurred the penalty of excommunication for having brought from home, kept in his desk, and read a book which stood upon the *Index Expurgatorius*. If he were to die at that moment, he would lose his soul. What was this dreadful volume? It was an Italian translation of "Paradise Lost"!

Practically, this mediæval sentence merely involved a night's imprisonment in one of the dreary cells reserved for evil-doers.

The worst of it was that this very evening had been fixed upon by the future Carbonaro and his own set for a revolt against a certain tyrant, who, assisted by some big bullies, had long kept up a reign of terror.

The delayed rebellion, however, came off two days later, with such success as caused its perpetrators to celebrate their victory by what they called a Roman triumph. Lorenzo and a colleague appeared as consuls in classical costume, borne on a litter by four lads, the festivity winding up with swearing allegiance to a document composed by their leader. It was a constitution of the republican form of government which, they had settled, was to make matters in their division of the Royal College easy for the future. Ruffini, in his dryly humorous way, gently jests over this juvenile production, regretting its loss, as "the comparison between the plans of a head of thirteen and those of old heads and big-wigs would not lack piquancy." Erelong fresh complications arose. Lorenzo got into hot water again, though not entirely through his own fault. A series of commotions followed, causing their new republic (like so many more serious ventures) to dissolve in smoke. In a short time we find our hero rejoicing that his now uncomfortable position would be ended by his quitting college for good, though not before he had triumphantly carried off every first prize of his division, besides being crowned with laurel for his Latin and Italian poetry. Scarcely fourteen, his leaving school in such a blaze of glory turned his head. He fancied himself not merely a man, but a celebrity; and his childish vanity received something of a wholesome shock when his uncle John, his mother's brother, an elderly merchant, full of shrewd sense, made some caustic reflections upon Lorenzo's ultra-fashionable new clothes, his airs of importance, and—worst of all—told him to "read Dante through ten times, and then, if he had a mind, to set to work at writing verses, but not before."

After a fortnight of this fancied distinction, sorely dashed by discovering that no one outside of the Royal College considered him a hero, he gave up trying to play the dandy, stayed at home, and devoured every book he could get hold of. It is amusing to read how this excitable youth, being taken for the first time to an opera, was so intoxicated by the music, the spectacle, and the ballet that he went home in a fever, which kept him for three days in bed. Fortunately, his father cut short his idleness by sending him to attend the lectures at the seminary (so called because largely frequented by candidates for the priesthood). In Genoa it was the custom for the pupils of different establishments to have a feud with each other. Lorenzo, hailing from the Royal College, soon found an irritating persecutor in a certain seminarist much older than himself, who, for a while, made him amply wretched.

It is not surprising that the next phase of this imaginative and over-sensitive boy should have been one of religious fervor. He chanced to read the life of the "Blessed Fra Martino" of Lisbon, which soon made him long to become a missionary in China and Japan, with an end of glorious martyrdom. He describes how one day toward sunset he was wandering with a friend on the heights above Genoa. They went into the solitary convent church of St. Barnabas, which stood alone on a barren hillside. A few young Capuchin novices were kneeling on the pavement of the choir, chanting vespers. The dusky church, the music, the sight of those worn young faces, operated on Lorenzo's overstrung nerves like a voice from heaven, telling him that here his vocation was to be found. For some months he practised religious austerities, encouraged by his confessor, who probably wished to secure this talented youth for the priesthood. The grief he would cause to his mother by telling her of his resolve weighed upon him. But, when he had steeled himself to make the disclosure, expecting a scene of tears and entreaties, to his surprise she bore it with great calmness, merely saying that in such an important matter he ought to do nothing without consulting his uncle John. A certain degree of friendly intimacy had grown up between Lorenzo and his caustic but kindly mentor, who, after listening with great gravity and patience to his nephew's "long farrago about Fra Martino and martyrdom and China and Japan," dryly observed that, whatever priests might say, a man might find trials enough in this world to make a saint of him; that he had no objections to monastic life, only he could wish that Lorenzo had

chosen any other order than Capuchins, because—because, in short, they were so nasty and so full of vermin. This damped the boy's ardor; and his talk about going as a missionary was met by being gently reminded that he must first finish his studies, for which a thorough course both of theology and the Chinese language would be indispensable before he would be at all qualified for martyrdom.

His elder brother Cæsar (evidently drawn from Jacopo Ruffini) now appears upon the scene, returning from a long stay in the country after an illness. It is amusing to see the extent to which these lads, half-way up in their teens, were yet children, in spite of their having each swept off the whole array of first prizes at college. Together they read the "Arabian Nights," dreamed of enchantments, looked for subterranean doors and hidden treasures, and actually tried (on the strength of "The Adventures of a Flying Man") to make for themselves wings. Cæsar, however, felt manly enough to fancy that he had lost his heart to a young lady he had only seen from a friend's window, when she appeared to water her flowers. They serenaded her, but no notice was taken of it. A second venture was equally unsuccessful; and at the third a window opened, and they were saluted by a shower of water, "every drop of which, as it fell upon a new hat, pierced me to the heart." Cæsar's fancy fast evaporated, as Lorenzo's religious vocation had done long ere this; and the careless days of their boyhood were soon over.

Since the insurrection of 1821, in which the students had borne a conspicuous part, the Sardinian government had closed the universities of Genoa and Turin, though permitting the youths to attend lectures at the dwellings of the professors, painfully crowded together. Lorenzo declares the motto of the authorities to have been "Students must be kept down." It is impossible to enumerate the unheard-of series of worries, hindrances, and red tape required before he could even enter upon his studies; while, when admitted, there arose new hosts of troubles. Cæsar, moreover, had been placed in the office of a stern notary, who worked him nearly to death. A fortunate accident at this time made them form a friendship with Mazzini, whom Lorenzo describes, under the appropriate name of Fantasio, as "the most fascinating little fellow I ever knew."*

Mazzini's magnetic personality, which made him the centre of a set of young men who looked up to him as their acknowledged head, soon gained a firm hold upon Lorenzo, and helped to soothe him under the vexations of his student life. Although the universities were soon reopened, yet it brought a fresh annoyance in the shape of a rule requiring the youths to pass the greater part of Sunday in attending *La Congregazione.* Indignant at this compulsory worship twice a day, they, as might be expected, played off all manner of foolish and irreverent tricks to give vent to their disgust. Sometimes all would remain silent. Sometimes they would bellow out the responses in chorus till the windows rattled. Lorenzo erelong found his name implicated, though by mistake, with the most audacious trick of all. Seeds of the plant called *gaggia,* which, when masticated, become highly offensive and pestiferous in a close atmosphere, had been strewn in the chancel, causing such a stench as compelled the officiating priest to withdraw. In spite of his being able to prove an *alibi,* the exasperated authorities condemned him to rustication for a year. "Students must be kept down."

During this enforced holiday, partly passed in studying literature, he grew more than ever absorbed in the political questions already filling Mazzini's soul. The brilliant young *avvocato* was looking out for an opportunity of finding, or, if need be, establishing some secret association, which, like the Greek *Hetaireia* during their war of independence, should help to hasten the regeneration of Italy, dominated as it was, even in Piedmont, by priests, spies, informers, and principles of retrogression. The secret society of the Carbonari at first seemed to promise what they sought. Not without much weary waiting did Fan-

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* We regret having no space to quote Ruffini's description of his friend, whom another Italian, meeting Mazzini at Marseilles, during his first exile, declares to have been "the most perfect living creature, male or female" that he ever saw. It was a noble, spiritual, and intellectual beauty, depending less upon features (though his were finely moulded) than upon his magnificent eyes, play of expression, and what Margaret Fuller aptly called his "soft, melancholy look."

tasio and, after him, the Benonis succeed in gaining admission into this formidable free-masonry, which, as they fondly hoped, was able to move the world.

Lorenzo's description of his own initiation as a Carbonaro seems like some scene from an opera. He had been mysteriously warned by Fantasio to hold himself in readiness for "whenever the hour should strike." At the masked ball, on Shrove Tuesday, in the San Carlo Theatre, he was met by two black-masked dominos, one of whom whispered to him, "The hour has struck!" Taken into the street, he was blindfolded, and led, with beating heart, by winding ways, to a house where, in a large, luxuriously furnished upper chamber, in the presence only of his guides and two other dominos, whom he guessed to be Cæsar (recently admitted) and Fantasio, he was initiated into the lowest rank of the "Good Cousins," as they called each other. The brief ceremony impressed him by its calm earnestness and simplicity, since he had "expected at least a great display of symbolical forms and drawn daggers." He panted for action, dangerous service, anything to work off his excitement. Two months of weary waiting passed before the impatient brothers were told by Fantasio that they and he had received an order to assemble that night at twelve by the bridge of Carignano, armed! Armed! This was quite enough to fill them with wild visions of a revolution. They spent the day in rummaging out old weapons and buying ammunition. At ten the Benonis set out, armed like two highwaymen under their cloaks, to call for Fantasio, with whom they solemnly agreed that, in the strife they believed to be impending, nothing should separate them from each other.

The night, as he says, was just what conspirators would desire, pitch dark and bitterly cold. As, arm in arm, they approached the bridge (spanning a deep dry ravine, and leading to the old church of Santa Maria in Carignano), they suddenly heard the plaintive notes of an accordion. A shiver ran through him. This instrument was used by the Good Cousins to transmit signals to a distance. A mysterious man, wrapped in a cloak, bade them follow him to a square, open place, where once the palace of the Fieschi had stood. Other dim figures might be seen; and Lorenzo, not without difficulty and secret misgivings, at last succeeded in counting some fifteen persons. "A short pause. Twelve began to strike at the church of Carignano close by. With the first stroke a tall figure, hitherto concealed in a dark corner, rose to view, like a ghost from underground, and pronounced the following words: 'Pray for the soul of ——— of Cadiz, sentenced to death by the high *Vendita** for perjury and treason to the Order. Before the twelfth stroke has died away, he will have ceased to live.' The clock tolled slowly on. The echo of the last chime was still vibrating when the voice added, 'Disperse,' and each group moved off."

Disgusted at this silly stage trick by means of which the Good Cousins, like all declining institutions, were trying to bolster up their waning prestige, these new members soon lost all faith in the Carbonari; and Fantasio began to form plans afterward embodied in his "Young Italy." The next experience of Lorenzo (now studying law, while Cæsar toiled at medicine, his connection with the notary having been severed by a brain fever nearly costing him his life) was a prolonged, rather foolish, but for some time very ardent flirtation with a fair young widow, founded on an incident in Agostino Ruffini's youth.

The news of Fantasio's arrest fell upon the Benonis and their set † of young agitators like a thunderbolt. Accused of having initiated as a Carbonaro a certain man, who, it appears, had laid a trap for him, he was suddenly seized and taken to the barracks, where, as he says in his autobiographical recollections, the most literary of the carabineers introduced him to his companions

* Council of the Order. This scene is evidently worked up out of a somewhat similar one recorded by Mazzini in his Recollections, where he was reprimanded and shown two cloaked figures, said to be on their way to stab a Carbonaro who had been guilty of treason to his vows.

† Vivid sketches are given of these: of Alfred, Lorenzo's most gentle, self-sacrificing friend at college; of the young prince converted to liberalism; of the too ardent Sforza, who fancied the simplest way to create a revolution was to rush out, waving the tri-color, and shouting "*Viva l' Italia!*" of the timid Vadoni, forced to become a monk, yet working secretly with the others; and of the young artillery officer, Vittorio, who reminded Lorenzo of Achilles. Almost without exception, they were destined to suffer sorely for their country.

as "a new edition of Jacopo Ortis." He was imprisoned in the fortress of Savona, on the western Riviera, for several months. When at last released for lack of sufficient evidence against him, he preferred to leave Italy (as he supposed for a time only) to being compelled to retire to some small town, under the surveillance of the police. It is tragic to remember what a long life of poverty, exile, and disappointment, now lay before the gifted young man of twenty-five. While in prison, high up in a tiny room whence he could see only the sky and the blue Mediterranean, hearing only the shouts and songs of the fishermen and sailors far below, he kept up a secret correspondence, previously agreed upon, with his friends through his letters to his mother. Having thus heard of the insurrection in Poland, he amused himself by telling the governor of the fortress before the news had reached him from Genoa, so that, as he says, the old man, who held the Carbonari in horror, must certainly have believed that they were in league with the devil. At first he had no books. Then he contrived to procure a Bible, a Tacitus, and a Byron. Often, he adds, while yet "some hopes of individual life" lurked within him, he looked back, almost with regret, to his quiet cell in the fortress, in the soothing companionship of his books, of a little bird that he had tamed, his own thoughts, and that incomparable panorama of the sea and sky.

There was an end to his quiet, studious, blameless, semi-literary life under his parents' roof, to his idyllic friendship with "the two brothers," as he called the Benonis, their interminable talks, rambles, and an enjoyment in each other's companionship that fairly makes us envy these ardent enthusiasts, who, while filled with sadness for their country and fretted by countless vexations, were yet sustained by their devotion to each other and to a common cause.

The latter portion of the book, now grown far more serious, though full of interest, and never quite devoid of humor, is devoted to the history of Mazzini's founding "*La Giovine Italia.*" From Marseilles, where he settled after a rambling tour, he forwarded instructions to his band of followers, Cæsar having assumed the leadership in his absence. Deprived of the stimulus of Fantasio's companionship, Lorenzo says that they all felt as if they had shrunken to half of their former value. Nevertheless, they worked valiantly; and the new organization soon spread rapidly among all classes. An uprising was at last determined upon, destined to fall through before it even was begun, and followed by the inevitable results of arrests, penalties, and executions. Cæsar was imprisoned; and Lorenzo, after several narrow escapes, was compelled to go into hiding, and, not without much difficulty, accomplished his flight into France, swimming across the Var in a condition bordering on delirium, and fancying himself betrayed by every one. At Marseilles he found Fantasio, looking haggard and bowed by grief. There was reason. Cæsar, who even more than Lorenzo had been his chosen companion, had, as already mentioned, taken his own life in prison, a few days before.

The details are not given. We are simply told that "Cæsar was no more"; and the book ends here, with a few facts regarding the sad fate of their accomplices at home. It is impossible, in a brief outline, to convey an idea of its many merits, its quiet and genial humor, its perfect refinement of style and language, its complete mastery of English, and its firm yet easy hold upon both the imaginative and the realistic modes of treatment, remarkable in the first work of a foreign author, even at the ripe age that Ruffini had attained when it was begun. He had intended it as a story in a few chapters for *L' Eco d' Italia*, a periodical published in several languages, but was disheartened by discovering that "the magazines only accept serials from well-known writers." With his innate diffidence, he laid the manuscript aside soon after completing the part describing the Royal College, and might never have had spirit to go on with it but for the kindly efforts of a certain Masson, whom we take to have been the now celebrated professor, who persuaded him to expand his story into a book. He was forty-six when it was published. As the first work of a most mature writer, it seems to us more deserving of praise even than Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson," which saw the light when its author was fifty-nine. It was soon translated into French under the title of "Mémoires d'un Conspirateur Italien." An Italian version was made by

a friend at home, who wished to enable Signora Ruffini to enjoy her son's book.* Even the delight of witnessing his well-earned success can scarcely have given much compensation to the poor mother for what she must have suffered in seeing her young son driven early into exile. She herself, with the youngest of all, Agostino, went to Marseilles, to join Giovanni and Mazzini, in the summer of 1833, soon after the death of Jacopo. Well, indeed, would it have been for the happiness of the surviving brothers if they had abandoned politics, and severed their connection with Mazzini's unsuccessful strivings then and there! Still laboring under the delusion of being able to create a revolution, they accompanied him to a more secure refuge in Switzerland, with their mother. She returned at last to her home in Genoa; and the long, weary, and, politically speaking, fruitless exile of the future author had been begun.

URSULA TANNENFORST.

Philadelphia.

WOMAN AND RELIGION.†

BY REV. WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

Man and woman equally represent human nature, but each of them represents it with a distinctive emphasis on particular phases of its whole. There is in man and woman respectively a preponderance of certain faculties or modes of activity of the universal humanity which they both represent. What, then, are the special qualities of the feminine and of the masculine revelation of human nature? The feminine type is characterized by a greater prominence of the intuitions, the affections, and the conscience. The masculine type is distinguished by a more conspicuous development of the physical energy, the understanding, and the will. In accordance with this contrast of their leading qualities, by the common consent of all history and all literature, the life of man is most emphasized by outward enterprise and adventure, public conflict and achievement; the life of woman, by retirement, domesticity, the practice of home duties, the culture of the social arts. In all nations she has been the chief source of good manners, which are the preamble to both ethics and religion. Thus it always has been, still is, and always will be her mission to refine man, inspire him, and mould his ideal. The essence of social refinement, the most prominent mark of good manners, is a habit of deference and tact in any one toward others, each modulating himself in his relations with others by the principle of self-subordination and courtesy. This is pre-eminently the art of woman, and the basis of everything beautiful and progressive in society. Historically, as compared with each other, man is grasping and arrogant and self-assertive, while woman is yielding and modest and self-effacing. She is, accordingly, the more spontaneously amenable and responsive to the religious sentiment. For religion is the surrendering abnegation of the self-will of the creature before the will of the Creator. Religion is the worship and pursuit of perfection. It is completely expressed by Christ himself in the words, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Religion is the self-surrendering and redemptive transformation of the human by its voluntary conformity to the divine. And the substance of this, as explicitly declared by Christ, is that man should love God with his whole soul, and his neighbor as himself.

If religion is a sovereign love of God and man, leading human beings to strive to perfect themselves by realizing the fulfilled image of their Creator, what difference is there in the relation generally of man and woman to this common ideal? Generically, their relation to it is the same; but there is a specific difference arising from the distinction of sex embodied in them. The human identity which man and woman are sees its nature and destiny reflected and revealed in them through opposing but correspondential characteristics. Now what are these distinguishing characteristics, in the briefest statement? The general consen-

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* Doctor Martini of Taggia, hearing Madame Ruffini exclaim, "Oh that I were young like you, to be able to learn English, and read my son's book!" actually made the translation, word for word, with such heroic labors over the dictionary as, he declared, cost him a gastric disorder which lasted for two years. We must add that Lorenzo's escape by swimming across the Var took place almost as it is so vividly described.

† Address before the Unitarian Club of California, April 26, 1897.

sus of history and literature, supported by philosophical analysis, teaches us that the masculine type of character is dominated by conviction and ambition, a passion for power and pre-eminence: the feminine type is dominated by sentiment and affection, a desire for the fulfilment of her nature in a life of sheltered happiness, ministering to the welfare of others. They are both expressions of the divine purpose which produced them, but with an emphatic difference. As Swedenborg says in his "Conjugal Love,"—the deepest and richest and most fascinating work ever written on the subject of the sexes,—Woman incarnates love: man incarnates wisdom. Wisdom invents designs, and seeks to execute them. Love creates objects to bless, and devotes itself to blessing them. If the affections of a woman are satisfied, she asks no career, but delightedly sacrifices everything else to what she loves. As a great poet wrote in immortal words,—

> "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart:
> 'Tis woman's whole existence."

Woman properly is more religious, stands nearer to God than man. It is, as a rule, incomparably easier for her to forego her own will, accept the will of another as her own, than it is for man. This is the essential meaning of the now classic expression formulated and given a world-currency by Dante and Goethe, "the eternal womanly." Whoso reads intelligently the exquisite description of Beatrice Portinari in the "Vita Nuova," and the somewhat parallel passage in the second part of Goethe's "Faust," cannot fail to see what this phrase denotes. Woman is the redemptress of man, because she sets him an example of self-detachment from egotism as the necessary condition for the reception of the vision and life of the divine. Dante sees not God; but he sees that Beatrice beholds him, and the beatific light thrown by reflection from her face upon his own irradiates and transforms him.

Religion is our co-operation with God for the realization of the purpose for which God gave us existence. He created us free selfhoods, that we might voluntarily train our wills into pure unison with his will through the moral renunciation, not of our selfhood, but of all the selfish egotisms connected with it. In this distinctly regenerative work woman is the inspiring exemplar and guide of man. She effaces her name in marriage and assumes that of her husband. As a mother, she, with a pure heroism and a glad devotion that have no parallel elsewhere, sacrifices everything to the care and training of her children. There is no other word in the vocabulary of man so sweet, so dear, so holy, so persuasive, so commanding, as the word "mother." In thus relegating self to the background she imitates God, who, in bestowing on us all that we have, makes his gifts alone conspicuous, but always hides his hand.

A great deal is said of late about a new type of woman,—a type repudiating the old ideal, created for her, it is said, by man, and setting up a new one of her own in its place. In this modern agitation for the rights of women there is, no doubt, much that is just and good. So far, may God speed it. But we must never lose the gentleness, the unobtrusiveness, the purity, the disinterestedness, the secret and sacred aspirations identified with that old ideal, which was no spurious artifice of her masculine tyrant, but was and is the product of her own best genius quickened by the grace of God. It is infinitely to be deprecated that women shall learn to imitate the hard self-assertion of man. It is infinitely to be desired that men shall learn to imitate the gentle self-abnegation of woman.

With this warning qualification and safeguard I hail with hearty joy and hope that great coming forward of women into the full light and freedom of active publicity. They have long governed the world in secret behind the curtain. Let the curtain be thrown aside, and the whole truth be exposed. I will not permit myself to doubt that the result will be a great purification, and not a great corruption. That hard rule of dogmas which is the masculine type of government has been long tried. Let us now have a new and greater infusion of that persuasive rule of sentiment and affection which is the feminine type. Under the sway of this purer and higher temper I am fain to believe the most of our great evils will speedily melt away. For as our wise Emerson has said, "The influence of good women is the measure of civilization."

When everywhere in public life the affection of woman is added to the wisdom of man, it must be that a new era will dawn. Where good women go, love increases. Where love increases, vices, hypocrisies, hollow forms, diminish. Affection tolerates nothing but genuineness. Wherever the affections are concerned, all perfunctory repetitions are a deadly profanation, all mere mechanical observances an insufferable offence. No affectation can here have any religious power. A mock sun may look brilliant, but it does not make anything grow. The pure type of true womanhood incarnates the divine love among men to lead the way toward the solid concrete redemption of the world. For the inmost secret and very quintessence of love is that it desires to serve and bless its objects, not to be served and blessed by them. If the supreme problem in moral mathematics is ever solved,—namely, the squaring of the circle of consciousness and the extraction of the cube-root of self,—it will be first done, not by a man, who will then show women how to do it, but it will be originally achieved by a woman, who will then communicate the contagious secret to men.

MORNINGS AND SUNRISES.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. xxx. 5.
"In the morning ye shall see the glory of the Lord."—Ex. xvi. 7.

Did you ever stop really to think what a wonderful thing light is? You cannot see it, you cannot hear it, you cannot feel it (you can feel the warmth in the heat-ray from the sun; but I suppose that light as light, you cannot feel), you cannot smell or taste or weigh it. And yet without it the whole world, as you now see the world, would have no existence. The evening sun goes down, the light departs. The world disappears. If the darkness were complete, the world would wholly disappear. In a few hours the sun rises, the light comes back, the world is reborn. Every morning is such a stupendous and amazing rebirth of a world.

It is astonishing with what complacency we come to take things for granted simply because we are accustomed to them. Phenomena or events which, if they were new, would overwhelm us with amazement and awe, long familiarity causes us to pass by with hardly an emotion or thought. Of all the phenomena of nature, doubtless the coming of morning after the darkness of the night is the most striking and magnificent. We do not recognize it as such simply because we have always seen it.

If a generation of men could be raised up without light, or with no more light than we have at night, and then if in mature life a morning could come to them, for the first time, with all the splendor of the mornings that we see every twenty-four hours, it would produce an impression probably more overwhelming than we can conceive. Indeed, it would be certain to overpower, bewilder, and blind them, even if their nervous system did not utterly break down under so tremendous a strain. As things are, we experience it without a shock or strain simply because we are accustomed to it, because our whole nature, physical and mental, has been built up in a world where mornings and light and day are constant phenomena. But the attempt to conceive of morning coming for the first time to men unaccustomed to anything of the kind helps us a little to realize what a stupendous and magnificent phenomena of nature it really is.

The coloring of the eastern sky in the morning is not likely to be so brilliant as that of the western sky at evening. There are, however, exceptions to this. Probably most of us have seen sunrises nearly or quite as magnificent as any sunset.

The glory of the morning lies in the freshness of everything: the sparkle of the millions of diamonds of dew that adorn grass, shrub, and tree; the songs of the birds and other voices of an awakening world; and, above all, the gradual emergence of nature out of seeming non-existence and the spread of the golden sunshine everywhere, beginning with the highest hill and mountain top, and spreading slowly down into the valleys.

It is not unfrequently the case in certain localities and at certain seasons of the year that days which are bright, and which give us brilliant sunsets, have their sunrises dimmed by mists or hidden by fogs. But, even where this is so, the mornings are

by no means necessarily without charm, since the battle between the sun and the fog for mastery, especially if one can see it from an elevation, is often brilliant and interesting in the extreme.

The question is often discussed, Which is the more desirable life, that of the city or that of the country? Doubtless each has its advantages, and each its disadvantages. But certainly it is to be set down as a distinct loss to the average people of the city that to so large an extent sunrises and early mornings are dropped out of their existence. It is difficult to see how this can be more than in part remedied, so long as social customs remain what they are. If one is kept up to a late hour in the evening at a concert or lecture or religious meeting or social gathering, he must lie in bed correspondingly late in the morning or fail to get an adequate amount of sleep; and insufficiency of sleep is what no one who cares to make much of his life can afford. Perhaps, therefore, the city dweller must always pay for his city privileges the penalty of not only distance from meadows and brooks, and much obscuration of skies and sunsets, but the still heavier penalty of having to lose regularly out of his life the morning hours, which I cannot but think form the finest and most inspiring part of each day.

Those city people are to be congratulated whose childhood was spent in the country, where they were able to learn at least what mornings and sunrises mean, and to hang up in the gallery of their memory pictures of morning's freshness and beauty.

Probably most of us think of our childhood as a little more rose-tinted than it really was. Certainly, I for one have recollections of mornings in my childhood that seem to me like patches of bright sunshine on a fair landscape,—recollections, for example, of going out in the pastures for the cows for the morning milking, just as the sun was rising in all his brilliance over the eastern hills and bathing the world in liquid gold; recollections of sunrises in the sugar camp, as the day's work began of building about the kettles in which we boiled the sweet sap those great fires that almost rivalled the sun in brilliance; but, best of all, sunrises on holidays, when the whole rosy east seemed a smile of promise of the good time coming, at the celebration or the picnic or the day in the woods or the day on the lake,—that beautiful Chautauqua Lake in Western New York, now known over the world for its beauty, but then the joy and delight of only such favored mortals as we who lived near its fair shores. Such recollections make me pity all men whose lives are not brightened by memories of golden mornings in the country in boyhood's happy days.

Since boyhood it has often been my privilege to witness sunrise in country and in city, in many parts of our own land, and in not a few foreign lands, which are indelibly impressed upon my mind, and will be prized so long as I live as a precious part of my spiritual furnishing.

As I try to recall them, what a panorama passes before me! Let me note a few whose impressions are most vivid: sunrises in student days seen across the broad expanse of Lake Michigan, kindling the whole surface of the water to horizon into flame; sunrises in camp amid the indescribable charm of outdoor life; sunrises over the hills that guarded that dear New England home where first child lips whispered in my ear the sweet word "father"; sunrises in more than one other home since; a glorious sunrise which I shall never forget, in the Alleghany Mountains, amid the exquisite loveliness of May; a sunrise equally glorious in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, when every height and every slope was gorgeous with October foliage, so that the rich morning light falling upon it gave an indescribable splendor to the scene; a quiet, sweet, and charming sunrise on the Hudson, in summer, transforming the picturesque hills and shining waters with an earthly paradise; two or three sunrises over the great Sierra Nevada Mountains in California; half a dozen memorable sunrises on the ocean, some of them with the great eye of day opening straight out of the sea and some from behind brilliant clouds; sunrises at Kenilworth Castle and Melrose Abbey, where every ray of morning light was an Ithuriel spear wakening into life poetical description, legendary fancy, or historic scene; a strange, weird, never-to-be-forgotten sunrise on the great Brahmaputra River in India, where for two hours the sun battled with the rising, rolling, eddying,

shifting, fantastic, now advancing and now retreating fogs, before he had pierced them through with his golden shafts of light, and dissipated them; a brilliant sunrise amid the ruins of Baal-bek, witnessed from the great eastern portal of the magnificent Temple of the Sun, where in the old days, while Rome was yet in her glory, splendid processions of white-robed priests had so often chanted their sunrise worship; an impressive and memorable sunrise at Sarnath in India, on the spot, sacred to all Buddhists, where the great Buddha preached the first sermon of his religion of brotherhood and peace; a calm, sweet, never-to-be-forgotten sunrise over the beautiful sea of Galilee, illuminating a hundred places on the white beach and the green hills around, made sacred by the touch of the feet of one greater than Buddha, whose gospel of brotherhood and peace and forgiveness of sins and childship to God shall yet lift up this sad world until one day it shall become heaven.

Two sunrise scenes of especial interest I must speak of a little more at length. One is a sunrise at Chamounix. Chamounix is perhaps the most charming valley in the Alps. It nestles close at the very foot of Mont Blanc, Europe's lordliest mountain. The bright stream that sings amid its gardens and homes is born in part from the snows that mantle his breast. The green grass and growing crops and blooming flowers that you see around you contrast strangely with his mighty ice masses above.

We were in Chamounix two mornings. The first was cloudy, but the second was bright. So with the earliest dawn we were up to witness the sunrise. Nor had we long to wait; for, while the darkness was yet heavy in the valley, the light was appearing on high. Of course the first gold was seen on the brow of the mighty monarch,—such a crown as no other European sovereign may wear. As we watched, down crept the light, illuminating a larger and a larger portion of the summit. But for a long time his was the only crowned head. By and by we looked away, and, lo! yonder another peak had caught the glory; after a while another, and then another still. It was a wonderful sight to see the gold catch from peak to peak, now on the right, now on the left, now here, now there, now leaping across dark chasms and deep valleys and lighting up distant summits that were in the gloom before, but ever descending, descending toward the valleys, where the shadows lingered long and were reluctant to move. At last the victory of the sun was complete, and his beams flooded all things,—lowest valley as well as highest mountain top. At last there stood Mont Blanc before us, with every wrapping of the night laid aside, and clothed in sun-lighted splendor from grassy sandal to crown of eternal snow.

I need not attempt to describe the emotions awakened by such an experience. What could they be, unless I were a stock or a stone, but emotions of wonder and sublimity and awe? What could they be but those expressed once and for all in Coleridge's sublime hymn composed on this very spot, with all this sunrise splendor in sight?

"O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thoughts; entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou the meanwhile wast blending with my thoughts,—
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy.
. . . . . .
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread embassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices praises God."

The other sunrise which I have to portray for you is as far removed from this that I have just sketched as can well be conceived. It is not in the Alps. It is not in any foreign land or connected with any historic scène. No great poet, so far as I know, has ever sung its glories. Its appeal is more to the ear than to the eye. It is close to our own door and easily within reach of all of us. And yet it is an exhibition of surpassing wonder and charm, fit subject for the pen of a Coleridge or a Wordsworth or a Burns. I refer to the sunrises that are to be seen on all the hills round about us; and especially to the sunrise concerts of the birds which are to be heard there on any fine morning in May or June.

We recognize many of our American birds as sweet singers, and often listen to their individual songs. But do we realize what splendid bird choruses greet every rising of the sun, and are ready to greet us if we care to hear them?

Dr. Thomas Hill, for some years president of Harvard University, that remarkable man who was at once mathematician, scientist, philosopher, preacher, and poet, in one of his poems describes this early morning concert of the birds:—

"When the sun early begins morn to awaken,
And his rays, piercing the gloom, scatter the darkness;
While the flowers, children of May, silently open
All their sweets, making the air rich with their fragrance;
And the birds, waking from sleep, warble their matins,—
I rise, throw up the sash, drink in their music,
Till my heart swells with a glad feeling of sympathy.
Many notes ring through the copse, float o'er the meadow;
Sounds of wild jubilant joy rise to my window.

"The small flycatcher first awakes,
The second part the robin takes;
And then the wren and vireo
Begin with song to overflow.
The hangbird's clear and mellow tune,
And catbird's matins, follow soon.
While richer grows the harmony,
Up from my soul the shadows flee.
But when, at last, from bobolink's throat
Bursts out the long-imprisoned note,
In liquid sweetness without measure,
Bubbling his ecstatic pleasure,
Then 'tis sunrise in my heart.
In his pure joy I take a part;
And, while he sings, I silent raise
My morning hymn of thanks and praise."

I have more than once risen early, and gone out to some place where birds are numerous, to hear this concert. Several summers ago, about the middle of June, a party of four of us, and then a week later a party of ten of us, made such early morning excursions to the groves and hills along the river just east of our city. We started from home at quarter before three. At exactly three, when we were just passing outside the limits of the town, and when only the faintest flush of light was to be seen in the east, we heard the first bird-note. It was from the most common and most faithful of the fine singers in this region, the song-sparrow. When we reached the river, at 3.05, we heard the whip-poor-will. The next voice heard was that of the catbird at 3.10. Then followed the hairbird at 3.17, the robin at 3.18, and the bluebird and summer warbler, each at 3.25. Before sunrise, which occurred at 4.22, we had heard and recognized six other kinds of song-birds,—namely, chewinks, wood thrushes, rose-breasted grosbeaks, Maryland yellow-throats, and indigo birds (eleven varieties of singing birds in all),—besides doves, blue jays, blackbirds, and crows. By six o'clock a dozen more kinds of voices had been added to our concert, including those of goldfinches, brown thrushes, meadow-larks, cuckoos, pewees, and wrens. You can imagine how varied and how beautiful the concert was.

Wilson Flagg calls this bird music of the opening day "the Anthem of the Morn." Is it not strange that so few persons have ever heard it, or even know of its existence?

Just before sunrise we climbed the highest elevation within reach. Here we were able not only to listen to the bird music, but to obtain a fine view of the river, the valley, the hills on either side, and the eastern sky beyond all. About daybreak light banks of fog began to appear above the river, and spread themselves out over the valley, and roll up the hills. But, as the sun poured the full power of his beams upon them, they broke to pieces like a routed army, rolled up into wreaths which the sun illuminated with great beauty, and then, while yet we were gazing upon them, disappeared.

The coloring of the sky was varied and rich,—dark blue, purple, lavender, light blue, yellow, silver, and in a few places crimson. A dark bank of clouds in the north-east looked like a pack of savage dogs advancing straight on the sun as he rose, as if they would tear and devour him. The trees, shrubs, and grass were everywhere shining with dew.

At least one of the party wrote in his note-book, "The freshness, beauty, and charm of the morning are simply indescribable."

We returned home at 6.30, all feeling that we had been through one of the rare

and memorable experiences of our lives. Mornings will always have a richer meaning to us because of those four hours with the hills, the birds, and the sunrise.

It is such experiences as these that lift up human life and make it great; that touch our eyes and give them new vision; that glorify the commonplace and make it commonplace no longer; that reveal to us the inexhaustible resources of nature for man's enjoyment and inspiration; that fill the world with the living presence of God; that teach us the meaning of such pictures as that of Moses at the burning bush, when he heard the divine voice saying, "Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

The poet Keats begins his finest poem with those lines that have become a part of the common scripture of our times:—

> "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
> Its loveliness increases; it will never
> Pass into nothingness."

This is true; but it is less than the whole truth. A thing of beauty is not only a joy forever: it is a treasure forever; it is wealth forever.

The great misfortune of us all is that we so easily lose our ears and eyes. We become blind and deaf. We drop down upon the plane of the drudge and the slave. The poetry goes out of our souls. Imagination and the higher faculties of our nature fall asleep.

What are mornings for but to wake us up? Let them wake up our souls as well as our bodies,—the highest in us as well as the lowest. Let them wake up, not only to toil and to eat, but to see and to hear, to enjoy and to sing.

We want the morning spirit. The spirit of the evening is calmness, rest, peace. This is good in its place. But for life's toil and battle we want the spirit of the morning, which is hope, faith, courage, and joy.

We want a larger conception of the place that mornings were made to fill, not only in the physical world, but in human experience. There are mornings besides literal ones. Life is full of mornings. Childhood is a morning. Were ever skies so bright and fair as those which arch that morning land? Going away from home to school is often the opening of a morning gate. The same is true of entering upon a vocation in life, especially if one has long looked forward to it with expectation. Loving and marrying should open the door to a wonderful new morning. So should becoming a mother or a father.

There are spiritual experiences that are glorious mornings. Have you ever been in the grasp of a strong temptation to do wrong, or to yield obedience to your lower self when you knew it was your lower self, but after a struggle conquered, and rose up in the might of your manhood to do the thing you ought? Then you know what a sun rose in your soul's sky in that hour.

Have you ever fought out that battle which is the central one in every noble, every truly religious life,—Shall I live primarily for myself, my own pleasure, my own wealth or honor or advancement? or shall I live first and above all else for truth, for duty, for love, to render some service to my fellows, to be what I believe God wants me to be, and to do his will? Which? I say, have you ever fought that battle out, and decided once for all, I am not my own: I am God's and my brother's; and for God and my brother I will live? Then you know what morning is. For, when you consciously made that decision, there shone a light into your soul that was brighter than any sun-rising of earth.

If there is anything that should teach us that God is forever in the world, it is the mornings. It is because his faithfulness fails not that they come in their appointed time, and at the very moment they are due. It is because he does not slumber that the world is awakened from its slumber when the proper second arrives. For what is the awakening of all nature but the touch of the finger of God? We sing,—

> "Every day is a fresh beginning,
> Every morn is a world made new."

But whose is the life that makes all things new except God's?

We talk about the "morning of creation," and think of it as in the far distant past. The truth is, now is the morning of creation. God's creative processes are going on to-day all around us, in earth and ocean and sky; and we have only to open our eyes to see them. New worlds are forming in

the heavens: our telescopes reveal them to us in all stages of progress. The earth is going through constant physical changes, which are creative of new conditions for all earthly life.

The realm in which the creation is most active is that which is closest to man, and of which man is the centre. New and higher forms of industrial, social, and political life are being created. A newer and higher form of humanity is being created. God's kingdom of truth, righteousness, and love on the earth, is being created. And, of all this, we are in the bright and glorious morning.

We are in the morning of man's conquest over physical nature. We are in the morning of the age of steam. We are in the still earlier morning of the age of electricity. We are at the sun-rising of an age of travel such as the past has known nothing of. We are in the dawn of a great era of political freedom for man. We are in the dawn of universal education. We are in the morning of a great world-movement of kindness toward the suffering, the sick, the unfortunate, the deaf and dumb, the blind, the helpless aged, unprotected children, animals below man. Unless all signs fail, we are in the dawn, perhaps the very early dawn, but the dawn of an era of peace for mankind.

All this is creative work in the highest of possible realms. It is creative of a nobler humanity and of better world-conditions for that humanity.

I think we are in the morning of a better day for religion. Long and dark has been the night in which superstition, credulity, bigotry, unreason, sectarianism, strife, unbrotherliness, intolerance, hatred, persecution have done their evil work in the name of religion. But at last there is light in the east. The sunshine of truth and reason and charity is beginning to illuminate all the higher summits of the religious thinking of our time. This bids us to be of good courage. Sunrises do not go backward. There will be light in the valleys by and by.

Oh, how glorious it is to be living in the midst of such dawns, such mornings, such sunrises as these! There never was such a morning-time as ours. How should we all be up and awake!

NATURALNESS IN RELIGION.*

BY ROBERT F. BELL.

The most momentous thing of our day is a striving in all lines of effort for greater naturalness and simplicity of expression. It is in architecture; it is in applied mechanics; it is in historical narrative, in the field of fiction, in science and religion; it is in every part of the social fabric. Its outward manifestation confused and turbulent, there is inwardly a steady and resistless growth toward higher and better things. And it is in religious thought and spiritual experience that we especially find the leavening cause of all this in the systematic development of the law of evolution. It came at a time when men had exhausted their store of theological speculation, when the fields and byways of literal interpretation were trodden under foot, and the Church was feeding the multitude on husks, when many good and wise souls found no intermediate point between Scriptural infallibility and utter, dreary atheism, and hence to restore a faith that was crumbling, to clear away the rubbish from the foundations of religion, that thinker as well as priest might say, "Our Father, who art in heaven." In obedience to its own law, evolution came—a mighty deliverer, with flaming torch—unto the bound minds and consciences of men, saying, "Arise, and go forth!" Its coming had been anticipated. In the morning of our century such men as Channing and Bryant and Emerson had, with a courage and faith which we cannot realize, prepared its way; and it is here, not to destroy, but to fulfil. We are not here to make a God of evolution: it is but one of the ways in which God reveals himself. But having proclaimed that we will not accept error as revelation, and our belief in the reasonableness of this universe, why not carry our belief to its logical conclusion?

In his infancy, man, a religious being, sought to make religion a tangible thing, so that his God might not desert him and go to other peoples; and so he made to it graven images, and fixed places for residence, and created set forms of worship, so that the Philistine and heathen might not

* From the *Pacific Unitarian* for July.

stand in the congregation of the Lord. Much of that primitive ignorance and superstition, and feeling of proprietaryship in religion is still with us. But, as we are reaching the conclusion that religion is summed up in "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth," we are in duty bound to conform to spirit and to truth.

We still hear the complaint that men do not go to church. If they do not, it is because unnatural methods have made them think that the church is a sanctuary for moral debtors, weaklings, and hypocrites. The church is still talking the same old things, and men are thinking about entirely different things. The men I speak of now are the strong men of the earth, men of character, force, and energy. Here and everywhere you will hear them say, "I worship space," "I worship force," "I worship nature," etc. To me this betokens something wrong. They say, "My religion is honesty, to do as you would be done by." We believe there is something more in religion than the passive acceptance of such a belief; that it is a great, divine, restless force, calling men up to higher fields of duty and helpfulness. And, to get men to see this, we must be natural and keep close to the springs of love and duty.

In the first place, what I mean by naturalness is a separation of the idea of God and his republic from materialistic ideas, conceptions, traditions, and forms, from the element of mournfulness from the habit of attributing material good and ill to his direct interposition, and feeling oppressed at his goodness in permitting sinful men to live. There is nothing manly or vigorous in such beliefs. In what way can they help us? How can they assist us in our working life? Our religion should be such that we can make it part of ourselves, that we can feel that our work is as much the gift of God as the sunlight and the rain. Let religion pray in secret, behind closed doors, and then let it go out into the open fields, down into the alleys and tenements, until men shall know that it is not for us a thing apart.

It is sometimes charged that liberal religion makes men spiritually indolent and indifferent. If this be true, it is because such men have not understood its meaning, and have taken its liberty to be license. It is not natural to go through life with a sublime indifference to its lights and shadows, to its deep experiences. In our times of distress, when we pray, "How long, O Lord, how long?" we sometimes envy others their calmness and insensibility. But the only truly natural life is the sensitive one,—not sensitive, perhaps, to outward seeming, but inwardly awake and quivering to the calls of humanity. Liberal religion, rightly understood, offers no one a path of roses. It demands a sincere altruistic life. It is in the roar and rumble of busy streets, in the drudgery and monotony of homes, in the countless social associations which bring us together, that the divine character in us finds its highest utterance; and here, too, comes the "peace of God which passeth all understanding." Let us not think that this peace is one of folded hands and spiritual rest, when we can say, "It is finished." I think Christ had this in mind when he said: "Think not I am come to send peace among you. I come not to send peace, but a sword." The "peace of God" is found only on a battlefield. It is no easy thing to be natural: it is a condition of toil of brain, heart, and hand.

This is a wonderful age of ours. We can hardly look in any direction without seeing momentous things. And one of them is that we are all moving and thinking on ethical lines, and whether or not we recognize or feel the agency of the church does not seem to concern us. Thousands find satisfaction of their religious aspirations in the great fraternal societies which are doing Christian work, though not in the Christian name. Others find it in lines of educational and philanthropic and legislative effort. Others find it in a higher sense of civic responsibility, in a loftier conception of patriotism than party fealty. And we cannot but see that, as the result of the great outstretching of commerce between nations and the spreading of mutual ideas and the birth of mutual respect and tolerance, there are in all countries a growing number of men who say: "This, my country, bore and nourished me: my fathers sleep in her bosom. I rejoice in her splendid citizenship, her stirring memories, her wealth of brawn and brain. And yet—and yet—the world is also my country!" This is the power that makes for

arbitration; and, whether its principle is incorporated in treaty or not, these men—men of brain and conscience—stand up before God and men, and say, "Be just, and fear not!" The old idea that a nation, like a corporation, has no soul, is passing away; and we are finding—partly from sad experience—that there is a national conscience, a national honor, a national character, and that nations, as men, are weighed in the balance, and that for them it is true, as it is of us, "I have not yet seen the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging for bread."

Now in all this I see religion. But I do not see the Church. In all these progressive movements, where shall it be? Away off in some corner, mumbling over rites and rituals, lamenting the sin of the world? The Church cannot now go to men, and tell them that they will be excommunicated on earth or condemned to eternal torment. Men know that there is a divinity that shapes their ends. They know, many of them, that they and their works are not a reproach. They laugh at shams and humbugs. They listen to sensational preachers as they listen to the drama, with tickled or edified imagination and unmoved soul. They know the value of their work. We want now to bring them to see that the Church can give them larger opportunities for manly effort. It has seemed to me for years that in its natural and free thought and methods liberal religion holds the key to the future. And if in the years to come there shall approach to it those who shall seek to lock up its truth in form or creed, philosophic cult, or intellectual or emotional fad, may it say to them as Nehemiah said to his enemies, when he was rebuilding the great wall of Jerusalem, and his enemies sought to beguile him from his task: "Why should I come down to you? I have a great work here to do. Why should the work cease whilst I leave it and come down to you?"

If I have on any subject a conviction, it is that society, with all its wrongs and vexatious problems, can only be regenerated by an infusion into it of the fundamental principles of Christianity. Society is governed by laws analogous to the laws governing human beings, its constituent parts, and with society, as with us, bringing impurities into the system causes disease and stagnation. The cure for social ills is in pure and natural remedies. You and I know well enough that vast numbers of strong men who make the earth's waste places glad, who control its commerce and politics, look upon religion as a thing for dreamers, weaklings, and sentimentalists.

Let religion be natural. If so, it will enter the office and counting-house with the principles of equity. It will infuse new life into legislation, and something better than fear or gain into the establishment of international law. It will purify the State; it will direct and control the omnipresent aspirations of men for holier ideals and life and work; it will make more coherent and rational our social relations; it will furnish a natural basis on which government and governed, society and its classes, can live and let live. The Church which remains within its four walls, ransacking the dry bones of theology, will be termed "blind leaders of the blind." But the Church which truly understands and identifies itself with the spirit of the age will raise religion up from the dust of the earth, breathe into it the breath of life, and it will become as a living soul.

THE ROMANCE OF AN ISLAND.

There has always been a minority of serious-minded politicians—of whom the late Lord Derby was supposed to be the type and exemplar—ready to maintain, despite the sneers of an incredulous world, that blue books are the most interesting form of reading, however scant their claim to be regarded as literature may be. If every blue book were as interesting as that officially headed "Straits Settlements," and described as "Papers relating to the Cocos-Keeling and Christmas Islands" (to be purchased from her Majesty's printers for the modest sum of one shilling), it may safely be prophesied that the blue book would run the novel hard in the race for the circulating library stakes. The story of the colonization of the Cocos-Keeling Island, or group of coral islands in the Indian Ocean, is not, of course, entirely new to students of the literature of travel in eastern seas; but never before have we had such a graphic picture of one of the most fascinat-

ing of island communities as is contained in the series of reports which the Colonial Office has now presented to Parliament. The Cocos were first attached to the Straits Settlements Administration by letters patent granted to the governor in 1886; and each year since that date, with a single exception, an official visit of inspection has been paid to the islands from Singapore. It is the reports of these visits, and one from E. W. Birch on a visit to the islands in 1885, which make up the bulk of these papers; and, as the duty of inspecting the islands was never twice intrusted to the same officer, we have, as it were, in the different reports a small gallery of impressionist pictures by various hands of the most remote of British possessions.

The history of the Cocos group goes back to the early days of the present century, when a couple of adventurers, Hare and Ross by name, almost simultaneously effected a settlement on the hitherto uninhabited islands. It turned out that it was Hare who had to go to the wall; and since 1827, when the original Ross first settled on the group, a Ross has ruled the Cocos. The first two Rosses, the grandfather and father of the present proprietor, ruled the islands, as their Highland ancestors had held their lands, by no "sheepskin title"; and it was not until 1886 that the British government, having formally annexed the group, made a grant to George Clunies Ross of that which was already his own. There had been a formal annexation of the group in 1857 by a British man-of-war; but until eleven years ago the Ross dynasty was practically unfettered by any outside interference, and it is to the credit of the Colonial Office and British common sense that even now the Ross family is left practically with a free hand to govern the islands by the traditional methods sanctioned by past experience.

The Cocos Islands, some twenty in number, are situated in the Indian Ocean, to the south-west of the Dutch Island of Java, far removed from the ordinary trade routes. They form a roughly broken circle, with a shallow lagoon in the centre, protected by an outer barrier of reefs. The population at the present time numbers about six hundred, of whom the greater portion are native-born Cocos people, and the minority Malays, from Batavia. The Ross family are the only Europeans inhabiting the group; and, though all the male members of the third generation were educated in Scotland, and are described as well educated, quick, and intelligent, they have almost all contracted native marriages, and thrown in their lot with the people among whom they live. Their sons and daughters, with few exceptions, neither speak nor understand English; and George Clunies Ross, the head of the family, and a man of remarkable force of character, was at one time eighteen years without hearing English spoken, and confesses to being a little rusty in its use.

The system of government is sufficiently remarkable. There are no written laws, and Mr. Ross has successfully resisted the suggestion that the penal code of the Straits Settlements should be introduced into the islands. There is no police force and no crime. Mr. Ross owns the whole of the land, and is the sole employer of labor. The currency is a parchment currency, convertible at a fixed rate into rupees or dollars when an islander makes a rare visit to Batavia or Singapore or when a Bantamese coolie leaves the island to return home. The natives, who are Malays by race, profess Mohammedanism; but there is the utmost freedom in religious matters, and the influence in the Ross family, exercised through three-quarters of a century, free from disturbing elements, has effected many striking changes in the habits and customs of the people. One after another the officials from the mainland confess that they find it difficult to institute a comparison between the Cocos-born Malays and the Malays with whom they have previously been brought into contact. The Cocos islanders live in neat houses, comfortably furnished on the European model, and kept scrupulously clean. They have adopted the institution of a weekly washing day, and sit at table to eat their food with the aid of knives and forks.

But it is not only in externals that European influence is clearly discernible. "The marriage laws," Hugh Clifford states in the 1894 report, "which to most Malays represents the Alpha and Omega of Mohammedan law, have been entirely superseded by the English marriage customs. Polygamy is un-

known on the island, at any rate among the Cocos-born Malays; and public opinion on the subject is sufficiently strong to induce any Bantamese who has more than one wife to dispense with this superfluity." The sole export of the island is copra, which is sent once a year, in a vessel chartered for the purpose by Mr. Ross, to England for sale. From England, too, supplies for the islands are obtained, although formerly everything was bought in Batavia, with which port communication is kept up by a small schooner belonging to Mr. Ross. Of the people subjected to this paternal and benevolent despotism, and cut off from all contact with the outer world, the universal testimony of the reports is that they are contented and happy. They make no complaints, and look upon Mr. Ross as their benefactor and friend. It is surely a curious fate that has brought this sturdy and capable Scotch family into a remote corner of the Indian Ocean, and has enabled three generations of Europeans to influence and mould the character and habits of an alien and inferior race, free from the intrusion of conflicting forces.—*Saturday Review.*

THE SELFISHNESS OF ILL-HEALTH.

"Unselfishness is a game that two *ought*,—mark you, I don't say *can*, but *ought*,—that two ought to play at."

The remark was called forth by a case my friend and I were discussing. It was that of a young man who for several years had been in ill-health. An acute disease had left him an invalid, not altogether hopeless or incurable, but still confined to his room, and with no immediate prospect of being able to leave it. Though it was a sad case,—for his hopes of a useful life were blighted,—it was not without its alleviations. Two sisters devoted themselves to him. They gave up all the pleasures of society for his sake. They lived only to anticipate his wishes. Morning, noon, and night saw them devising schemes for his amusement or laboring to add to his comfort. No sacrifice was too great for them to make. And the result, instead of being beneficial, was, as far as he was concerned, the reverse; for, from being a meek, patient sufferer, he was transformed into an unconscious tyrant.

"Poor Frank fancies the light hurts his eyes," said one sister, as she drew down the blinds, and prepared to sit in semi-darkness. "The click of knitting-needles irritates Frank's nerves," said the other, as she laid her work aside. "Frank feels that everything bright and cheerful is mocking him," they chimed in concert; "and therefore we deny ourselves for his sake. Self-denial is a duty, you know."

It was this that called forth my friend's remark. Frank did not dream he was selfish. He never realized that any self-sacrifice was required of him: he received his sisters' attentions as his right, and plumed himself on being a martyr. It was his part to receive, theirs to give; and the result was that his misery and despondency, not to speak of his demands, increased day by day.

It is no unusual case. There is more of this unconscious selfishness in the world than appears at the first glance, and more of it, perhaps, in our own hearts than we think.

How many of us who are familiar with pain and weakness and languor can say truly that we have never exacted more attention from our friends than we need have done; that we have been always patient and considerate, willing to see and thankful to receive every little kind deed bestowed on us? I fear there are few. We are apt to take all as our right, as the proper tribute paid to our weakness and ill-health. We seldom try to realize how much others may be denying themselves for our sakes, nor at what a cost their services are sometimes rendered. We become like spoiled children,—the more we get, the more we demand, and our wants, instead of diminishing, multiply day by day.

And, then, how many of us have a conscience void of offence in the matter of peevishness and irritability? What a deal of extra trouble do we unhesitatingly give in this matter! We are not quite so well to-day as yesterday, and therefore every one must feel the effects of it. We must not suffer and no one know it. And how apt are we to grumble at trifles! The opening or closing of a door, the rustle of a paper, the fall of a cinder on the hearth, the condition of the fire, the placing of a chair, each is made a source of trouble to ourselves and of worry to our friends.

Have you ever observed how much more patient the sick are in a hospital than they are at home, how submissive they become, how grateful they are for all that is done for them? At home they question and find fault and tyrannize over their friends; but they never do so with strangers. Peevishness seems to vanish when they leave the family circle: they grow quiescent and contented. Why should this be? Why should we treat those near and dear to us with less consideration than we do strangers? Why should we lay on them burdens which we would never ask outsiders to bear and demand sacrifices which are as unnecessary as they are selfish?

"I never sing now because my sister doesn't like it," said a sweet little maid: "she's so sensitive, you know, and has had so much sorrow, that I feel it would be cruel to do anything she doesn't like, so I've given up singing."

Very right and kind of the little maid, but not so right of the sister who accepted the sacrifice.

There are sacrifices which we have no right to accept, even when they are offered voluntarily. "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well at Bethlehem, that is at the gate." Yet, when the brave men burst through the hosts of the Philistines, and brought back the water, David would not drink it. Why? Because it had cost too much. They had risked their lives to get it. "Shall I drink the blood of these men who have put their lives in jeopardy?"

I think there is a lesson for an invalid in this. Some things that are offered to you cost too much. If they are the price of another's health or another's happiness or another's usefulness, they cost too much. Refuse to accept them: rather bear your burden alone. And does it ever strike you how much you may be the poorer by accepting these sacrifices? You may get what you long for, it is true; but even in the getting of it you will find it has lost its sweetness. One of a family who was deaf said, "Don't speak so much to each other: it irritates me to know you are speaking when I cannot hear what you say." And so, out of sympathy with the afflicted one, lips were closed and smiles checked, and silence reigned. She got her wish, but the shadow that rested on the family circle was more depressing to her than the sight of gayety which she could not join. Better to witness joy that you cannot take part in than to see no joy at all.

Oh, the shadows that even the best and the brightest and the most hopeful among us cast, shadows often thrown unconsciously,—the shadow caused by a look, a frown, a petulant tone! We don't mean it, perhaps; but the result is the same as if we did: the cheerful are depressed by it, the hopeful cast down. Instead of gladness in our dwelling there is gloom. And what can be said of those miserable people who would banish every pleasure which they cannot enjoy, and fain lay the burden of their own pain and weakness on every one beside them? They have their reward; the burden comes back doubly weighted to their own shoulders, and stays there.

What a blessing it would be, not only to the weak, the suffering, the invalid, but to the whole of the little world in which they are placed, if they would but take to heart some such counsel as this!—

Do not foster and pet and magnify your complaints: they will only take deeper root by such treatment. And do not let your self-sacrificing friends make too much of you. Take your own proper part in the game of unselfishness, try to find out by experience the blessedness of consideration for others, and instead of always receiving benefits try to give.

What can *you* give, you will say, as you hold up your thin, nerveless fingers,—what can *you* do for any one? Give love instead of always claiming it, give joy instead of trying to take it away, keep back the murmur that will cause pain to your friends, cultivate a gentle, resigned, patient spirit, fill your sick-chamber with the light that comes from inward peace. "He who imparts light to another," as Dr. Trench says, "has not less light, but walks henceforth in the light of two torches instead of one." And it is the same with happiness: strive to make those beside you happy, and you will find how greatly your own happiness is increased.—*A. K. Forbes, in the Sunday Magazine.*

We live no more of our time than we spend well.—*Carlyle.*

TRANSFORMED.

Once on a summer morn, beside a stream,
While yet the pungent air was chill with dew
And drowsy Dawn lay dreaming, half awake,
I saw a dark, unsightly lily bud
Uprear its snakelike head to greet the light,—
An odious thing,

But, when the rising sun
Touched with a wand of fire the slimy husk,
Behold, it shrank away; and the pure flower
Lay open to the rosy light in all
Its peerless beauty.

Father, grant that, when
The sunrise of that dawn for which we wait
Shall touch these longing eyes, this clinging husk
Of passion, petty fear, and coward care,
May slip away, and leave my spirit white,
Clean, sweet, and glorious as that flower fair.

MARY MARSHALL PARKS.

Louisiana, Mo.

THE TEMPERANCE PROBLEM.

BY CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.

It is characteristic of our present age, and very happily so, that we are coming to look at our various problems, individual and social and religious problems, in a broad way. We regard them not as isolated, but as mutually related and dependent one upon another. Each problem is the problem of the whole: of the whole man, if the question is that of an individual; of the whole social status, if the question relates to some social evil or ideal.

This method is scientific. It distrusts panaceas. It cannot believe that all the evil in the world comes from one cause. It believes in specialists, but it knows what even among reputable physicians is not always kept in mind, that local diseases are not always due to local causes, but are the symptoms of a general condition of the whole body. Treat the trouble locally, and you may do no good. What is often needed is rather rest and food and a general upbuilding of strength through the whole system. Physicians know this perfectly well, and act upon this principle. An oculist wished to perform a slight operation upon one of my eyes. He advised it, but on second thought said that it would do no harm to wait and see what nature and rest might do. He had known such things disappear of themselves. It happened so in my case. The best equipped and the most successful specialists are those who understand best the workings of the whole human body under healthful and diseased conditions, and who realize that all the parts of that body are intimately related and dependent for local health or disease upon one another and upon the healthfulness of the whole.

This principle, recognized in the physician's practice, is being applied to-day, with most excellent results, to the reformation of individuals and in our struggle for a nobler and happier society. Carroll D. Wright says that, when he hears any one begin to talk about *the* solution of the labor or social problem, he moves to adjourn. He feels, I imagine, just as the physician does when he hears some one claim to have discovered a panacea; *i.e.*, a cure for all kinds of disease. He means that it is unscientific and absurd, showing only the narrowness and ignorance of the speaker, to claim that questions and problems so complicated, so inextricably involved in the whole social life of mankind, can be settled by some one change or remedy.

The truth is that man's moral and religious life, as well as his physical, is organic. The truth is that the life of society, of mankind, is organic. If you wish to make a man, you must do more than feed his mind with knowledge, more than stimulate his emotions, more than cure him of certain faults and drive out certain devils. You must do all these things, and many more. You must build up the whole man. You must minister to body and mind and soul. A man is a true man in proportion as he is truly related to the universe, which includes nature and man and God. He is to know and feel; he is to think and love; he is to work and worship; he is to watch and pray. The school, the workshop, the home, the church, all are to contribute elements to his character, in order that he may be complete. The head may not say to the heart, "I have no need of thee"; nor can either look with contempt upon the body. Thought is essential to give an object for feeling. Feeling is essential to give motive power to thought.

Knowledge and faith are necessary to each other. The spiritual man is manifold, and yet one, an organic unity. Neglect one phase of his activity, and all the rest suffer. *Wholeness* and *holiness* are thus synonymous.

Likewise is it true that society is an organism, an organic body. Paul was scientifically right, when he wrote, "We are members one of another."

It would be very interesting and instructive to ask how much in a man at twenty-five years of age is the result of conscious effort on his part, and, on the other hand, of the unconscious influence of the social conditions and atmosphere in which he has lived. What forces have produced him? How many men, how many institutions, themselves the resultants of myriad forces, how many inventions and discoveries have contributed, without conscious effort on his part, to his knowledge, comfort, and character? Prof. Muirhead points out the absurdity of talking about self-educated or self-made men. We are the product of society past and present. Even the greatest and most original of men only voice the spirit of their age and are the product of the centuries. Thus the individual life is related to the whole.

Again, the health or the disease of any portion of society affects for good or evil the other portions.

The low standard or evil habits of the rich demoralize the poor. The false standards of the privileged classes, so called, drag after them, in servile imitation, those who cannot afford to spend money wastefully upon gaudy clothes and expensive pleasure. The presence of an unhappy, unhealthy, ignorant, and morally uncultivated people in the midst of a great community, which is too apt to be the condition in our great cities, reacts upon the happiness and health of the whole. More than this, evils in one department of our common life taint and poison and destroy the good in others. For example, corruption in politics directly affects a city's health, its school life, and thus indirectly reacts upon the physical and moral condition of all the people. Hence no truly enlightened city can afford to have slums. It would pay, if not in dollars (and in the long run it would pay even in dollars), then in health, in character, all through the community, to buy up and abolish slums, and then to prevent by stringent legislation their growth. But corruption in politics and slums in city life are but symptoms of a popular indifference to high ideals of citizenship and city life. They spring from false or partial notions of duty. They are, at least in part, the result of an excessive individualism, a wrong idea of the individual's relation to the city or State, which cultivates selfishness and the *laissez-faire* kind of citizenship.

Much is to be laid at the door of a narrow-viewed political economy, but much more to the individualistic tendencies of our free and successful American life, which have encouraged an excessive independence in the citizen, educating him to "go-as-you-please" methods, and leading him to isolate his life from the life of the State.

From this stage of development we are emerging, warned by the evils it has fostered. We begin to see that there can be no healthy individual life while the social life is diseased. We begin to understand that the individual is to find his good in the common good, and that he owes to society his best as but a just return for what he daily receives. We begin to realize that the people as a whole have rights, and that the State, representing the people, may do far more in securing these rights as contrasted with the privileges hitherto too freely given to the few. This does not mean socialism. Nor does it mean disloyalty to the highest development of individuals. But it does mean an appreciation of the larger problem of society, the recognition of this problem in its wholeness, as a problem which concerns not one or two, but all, not one or two special evils, but the general character of the social state. It means the growth of a social conscience and a social ideal.

This may seem a very long introduction to the subject of temperance, and perhaps some may think it irrelevant to a discussion of the temperance problem. But it is of extreme importance to secure first of all the right point of view, to establish first of all this idea of the social organism and the true place of the individual therein.

For temperance is one of those problems which reformers have isolated from other problems of life. That is a serious mistake. It must be brought back to its true place

among the rest, and viewed in its relationship to them.

You would think, to hear some men and women talk, that there is no other moral question worth thinking about, and that, if we could make all men total abstainers, the kingdom of heaven would immediately come.

I confess that it would be a mighty step in that direction. I confess that intemperance is an evil so gigantic that we cannot begin to comprehend it in all its horror and disastrous results.

But this way of looking at it as the one great problem, as if it were isolated from other problems, has been a fruitful source of error, leading to serious mistakes as to the causes of intemperance and the best remedies for its cure.

The most hopeful sign I see to-day in this business is not an increase of fanaticism and excited emotion, but a disposition on the part of sober-minded and able minds to study the subject in its wholeness, as a problem touching life at many points and resulting from many conditions of society. This study may not always lead men to right conclusions, but that is of small moment in comparison with the willingness on the part of scientific students of sociology to give to the question an all-round investigation as an integral part of the social life of mankind. It has dawned upon men's minds at last that this is too large a question to be left to the untrained minds of earnest ministers or newspaper reporters, but that expert statisticians and chemists and physicians and sociologists and statesmen must handle it, in its various departments, and give careful study to the various experiments which have been tried for its solution. We cannot but rejoice in the fact that the Department of Labor at Washington has been assigned to the duty of gathering statistics in regard to the liquor traffic and some of the sociological phases of this problem. We rejoice also that the national and State governments have so carefully investigated the Norwegian System of controlling the liquor business.

Again, it is good cause for satisfaction that such men as those upon the "Committee of Fifty" are at work investigating some of the physical and social and ethical aspects of the subject not possible for the government to undertake. We rejoice in all this, not simply on account of the hoped-for results in the shape of knowledge, but because the very fact of such methods being adopted by such men shows that the whole problem is being taken out of its isolation and brought into relation with the general upward movement of the modern world.

Thus the hope of ultimate solution becomes vastly brighter. Reformers may have to work upon longer lines, and the goal may thus appear to be removed to a greater distance; but the probability of a successful issue will have been greatly increased, and the permanency of the result will have been assured.

To illustrate more clearly what I mean, let me point out the relationships of the temperance question. These appear the moment we ask, "Why do men drink liquor?" or "Why do saloons flourish?"

Now twenty answers may be given, and every one would introduce us to some wretched phase of our incomplete civilization. For example, we are accustomed to say that drinking is the cause of poverty, which is true; but the converse of this is also true,—poverty is the cause of intemperance.

Men drink because they are poor. Men drink because they have wretched homes. Men drink because they are unhappy. Men drink because they are insufficiently fed, poorly nourished, and have food they cannot enjoy. Men drink because they are not physically strong and healthy. Men drink because they crave sociability and like to meet one another under social and pleasant conditions. Men drink because they are out of work and have lost hope. Men drink because they have inherited an unhealthy or unevenly balanced nervous system from parents whose habits were not good. Men drink because the pressure and excitement of the times are so great that their physical system becomes exhausted and craves a stimulant. Men drink because they are tempted at every street corner, and because so many of their fellows, their companions, drink. Men drink because they have so little amusement, so little leisure, so much grinding, wearing, treadmill, routine work to do. Men drink because their animal, brutish natures have not been subordinated to their higher intellectual and spiritual

natures. Men drink because in years of self-confidence and carelessness they awakened the appetite and formed the habit which at last became a disease, perhaps a kind of insanity, destroying their self-control.

Such are some of the reasons which account for drinking and the saloon,—not wholly, for I do not forget the persistency, the selfish and irresponsible and unscrupulous persistency, with which the business of liquor-selling is pushed, and the unholy and outrageous temptations thrown deliberately in men's way.

Not forgetting this, I yet say that back of this are these other reasons pointing to conditions of modern society out of which the drinking habit comes. So true is it that wretched homes, poverty, poor food, lack of work, overwork, inherited weakness, craving for pleasure and excitement, the social instinct unsatisfied, an unhealthy condition of body and mind, overcrowding, villanous tenements, the sweating system, and many such conditions,—so true is it that these conditions of modern social life are responsible each in part for men's drinking, that I am convinced that intemperance is only a symptom, and not the disease itself, and that, if we are ever to get rid of it, we must go back of it, and treat these evil conditions which are its cause. This is the conviction to which many temperance workers are coming to-day.

It is this, may I venture to imagine, which has made Miss Willard something of a socialist. It is this which has led to the widening of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union work, until it embraces many of these intemperance-causing conditions in its curriculum of education and reform. For a hundred years the temperance reform has been going on, with its varied methods and aims, with its great successes and its failures, too.

To-day the consumption of liquor, including beer with the rest, is enormous, showing but slight diminution in the consumption of strong liquors and a great increase in the drinking of beer.

What does this discouraging statement seem to indicate?

That reformers have taken too narrow and too limited a view of the problem. That they have isolated temperance from the other virtues, and tried to solve this problem apart from the actual conditions of life as they are to-day.

It was thought sufficient long ago to rescue the drunkard; *i.e.*, to deal with the drink habit after it had taken fast hold of men.

Then it was seen that this was postponing effort until too late, and a moral crusade for total abstinence began. It swept in great waves over the land, and for a time it seemed as though victory had come. But the results were not lasting. A new generation of men came upon the scene, and the old evils again appeared. Then the strong arm of the law was invoked to remove temptation, to enforce total abstinence; and it was thought possible to bring in the kingdom of heaven by this means.

That a great deal was accomplished and still is being accomplished by this legal method is gladly admitted.

But the kingdom of temperance and of total abstinence is far away as yet; and many have been the failures and disappointments in this effort to meet by legislation the appetite and determined desires of men. At last we have begun to look deeper into the problem, and to see that it is not so simple as men once thought; that no one solution, no panacea, is possible; that work must be done upon longer lines and by various methods to touch the various causes out of which the evil springs.

So does it happen that we hope for much from *education*,—not simply temperance education, but an education that shall fit boys and girls to support themselves and to fill a useful place in society. Much of our present-day education does not serve directly enough this end. We need a more practical education,—that is, a training of head and hand for the every-day duties of life,—so that no boy or girl shall leave our public schools without knowing how to *do* something which the world wants done. This will cultivate self-respect as well as make possible self-support.

Temperance education is good, if it is so well done as to command the respect of science and ethics. The hope of the future is always in the children; and, wisely done, here is the grandest opportunity of implanting principles of hygiene and total abstinence.

I am a hearty believer in total abstinence, not only as the pathway of safety for the individual, but as his best and most effective way of entering his protest against the liquor business and the drink habit, and of exerting his personal influence over his fellow-men. I could not emphasize too strongly my faith in this and in the endeavors we are all making to increase the number of those who for their own and for humanity's sake shall adopt this rule of personal conduct.

I believe in using the law to remove temptation and to prevent the education of our young people in wrong habits.

I am a believer in prohibiting the saloon wherever the public will demand such a step, and will vigorously enforce it. I am a believer in the Norwegian Bill as proposed in Massachusetts, because it gave to towns and cities where the people did not favor prohibition the choice of a system of regulation which seemed to me infinitely superior to the present. I felt that it would be a tremendous advance to get the liquor question out of politics, to remove the pecuniary motive from the traffic, and to limit more strictly the sales. It was too good a law to be acceptable.

Believing in total abstinence, believing in the use of law and in education, I yet come back to other considerations to which in the long run, I think, we must largely trust, and to the study of which we must eventually give more and more time and thought.

Intemperance is a symptom of many humiliating conditions of modern society,—not of the presence of the saloon, for the saloon itself is a symptom.

It shows that the social condition of the people is wrong.

Not long ago I heard Prof. Peabody of Harvard University give a report of an investigation into the saloons and substitutes for saloons in Boston. It was a startling fact that over two hundred thousand visits are made daily to the saloons of Boston by their patrons. It is more encouraging to find that in the various substitutes for saloons—reading-rooms, pool-rooms, lunch-rooms, etc.—about half as many persons may be counted daily. But the point of interest here is this,—the thought that in some way the social instincts of the people must be provided for. They go to saloons for companionship, and to get the light and warmth and pleasure which in wretched homes they cannot find. Here is indicated a great field for philanthropic and perhaps for government activity. From an editorial in the *Boston Herald* I quote:—

> The saloon meets the side of a man's life which is real, and the substitute must have the same note and tone if it is to have the same successful appeal to human needs. It is not the drink so much as the good-fellowship which is desired; and, where free and open clubs are provided, so that men can come together and feel at home, and can call them their own, they are more than a match for the saloon.

The city provides its public parks, its public reading-rooms, its out-of-door gymnasiums. Is it too much to hope that these may be multiplied, and brought nearer to the people's homes? Is it too much to hope that places of public amusement may yet be provided,—indoor gymnasiums and club-rooms, with evening concerts and lectures for all who desire to attend?

The question of public baths is agitating many people in Boston just now, and a strong feeling exists in favor of imitating the splendid examples of English cities in providing such opportunities for the people. Dr. Hartwell, director of physical culture in the Boston schools, feels that such public bath-houses would be a most effective temperance measure. The bath is recognized at Foxboro, at the Inebriate Asylum, as a wonderful agent in stimulating and reforming the men. There are thousands of people in our cities who have absolutely no satisfactory or proper bathing opportunities to-day.

Again, when we come to the question of food and the proper preparation of food, every one knows the utter ignorance of the poor and the industrial classes. Edward Atkinson has pointed out the possibilities. He and many others would testify to the reformatory value of wholesome and palatable food.

Teach the people how to cook. Teach them how to buy economically, and to get the most health-giving food.

Here is another wide and most important field for those who would break down the saloon. It is the wretched food, the half-starved and unsatisfied appetite, the poorly nourished body, that drive many a man to

the saloon for drink. Would that somehow the homes of the crowded city people could be made attractive, and the conditions made healthful and happy! We should have solved in great measure our intemperance problem then.

And so we find that the temperance problem works out into the great social problem. There is no evil condition in the industrial world which does not cause or aggravate this evil.

Too many hours of labor, exhausting the strength; unhealthy conditions in factories; crowded tenements, without sunlight or fresh air; the excitement and pressure of our rushing business life; poverty and inherited disease; a degraded home life,—all these, as well as the temptations and weaknesses common to rich and poor alike, are back of the temperance problem *per se*.

Is it not true, therefore, that we must look for the final solution of the problem in the solution of these other social problems? And the Church is to do its part in the work. The work of the Church is to build up Christian character. To each other virtue, temperance is related.

Build up the whole man, would you have him equal to the temptations of appetite.

Build up the whole social structure of society, purify and strengthen it in all its parts, would you have it banish alcoholic stimulants and saloons.

You will not misunderstand me as undervaluing the direct influence of personal example, nor as deserting the total abstinence method, nor as underestimating the power of legislation. Again I say, these are vital methods and immediate duties. But I am more and more deeply impressed—and this is the one thing I wish to emphasize—with the necessity of taking the all-round view of our problem, and of working it out along the lines of the religious and social development of mankind. Change the conditions out of which intemperance and the saloon evil spring, and both will disappear. Would you go to the root of the problem?

Discover the causes of the drink habit, and, if these causes are evil conditions, correct them: if they are natural cravings, not evil in themselves, minister to them in better ways. Build up the character of men and society, substituting good for evil, and the temperance problem will be solved.

DON'T WORRY.

[The following are extracts from Theodore F. Seward's recent book on "The Scientific Law of Happiness," published by the Brotherhood of Christian Unity, New York.]

The Insane Folly of Worrying.

Worrying is the most unreasonable habit that a human being can indulge. The truth of this proposition can be shown by simply asking two questions: (1) Does worrying increase our happiness? The idea is too absurd to be considered. Worrying occasions more unhappiness than any other cause, perhaps more than all other causes combined. (2) Does worry help us in our work? However important the crisis that lies before us, are we prepared to meet it any more successfully by carrying a burden of anxious thought about it? This question can have but one answer. No: our minds are rendered less fit for the coming problem by all the doubts and fears we entertain. The insanity of the habit is strongly emphasized by the fact that many people worry as much over the past as they do over the future. "If I had only done differently. If I had only avoided this or that mistake," they say with real anguish of spirit. What folly could be greater than to allow vitality to be wasted and happiness destroyed by that which cannot be recalled, changed, or in the slightest degree modified?

We also allow ourselves to be tormented by a thousand forms of fear. We are afraid of catching cold, afraid to eat this or that article of food, afraid that something unpleasant will happen to us. And what we so persistently expect we are very apt to get. Like Job, we are obliged to say, "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me." The strangest thing about this slavery is that we have come to regard it as unavoidable, an essential element of life, a stimulus that is needed to keep us up to the line of duty. A group of travellers were looking from an eminence upon a landscape in which an insane asylum was to be seen a little distance away. One of the party said, "I suppose a large proportion of the inmates were brought there by unnecessary worry." "Is there any necessary worry?"

asked another of the group, with significant emphasis. The first speaker seemed startled by the question. He was a clergyman, yet acknowledged that he had gone through life with the idea that worry is an essential quality of human nature. He avowed that he would never again yield to that harmful delusion.

Americans are, above all others, slaves of the worry habit. It may truly be called a national vice. Business is too largely the predominant and all-consuming thought of the average American. An eminent Russian, Prince Wolkonsky, during a visit to this country expressed himself as follows at a public dinner:—

"Business is the Alpha and the Omega of American life. There is no pleasure, no joy, no satisfaction. There is no standard except that of profit. There is no other country where they speak of a man as worth so many dollars. In other countries they live to enjoy life: here they exist for business."

At this point the prince's feelings apparently overcame him, and he broke out with this apostrophe: "O Lord, if I have to die soon, let me know a few days beforehand. Take me to a place where they have no appointments. Take me where I can hear something besides business. Give me one day of rest before I die, where I can see the bright sunshine and breathe the fresh air of heaven."

Such was the impression of a stranger whose nationality we do not regard as equal to our own in culture and development.

At the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago no one could fail to be impressed by the reposeful manner and dignified carriage of the Oriental delegates in contrast with the intense and high-pressure personality of the Americans. And, unfortunately, the evil is not diminishing. Brain exhaustion and nervous prostration—all the unhappy results of overwork and overworry—are increasing year by year. In fact, it has led to the naming of a new disease called "Americanitis." Dean Hodges says: "Saint Martha is the patron of the women, and Saint Vitus of the men." It is time to call a halt. There is a wide-spread feeling that the present strain cannot continue, that in some way relief *must* be secured. What is the remedy?

A small volume has recently been issued * which suggests an answer to this question. The author takes the ground that anger and worry are the germs of all the aggressive and cowardly passions,—envy, revenge, prejudice, jealousy, fear, impatience, etc. But in the final analysis may not these and kindred evils all be traced to the single germ of worry? Anger itself usually springs from a latent fear that some one will get an advantage over us or do us an injury,—simply a form of worry. Therefore, if worry can be conquered, nearly all the passions that destroy our happiness will disappear.

This author argues that worry should be treated as a germ or root, and that by directing attention specifically to the habit it may be overcome. He succeeded in his own case, and states that, after wrestling with the evil for a time, the tendency was so fully mastered that, when the usual occasions for worry presented themselves, he no longer dreaded or guarded against them, and was amazed at his increased energy and vigor of mind,—the strength to meet situations of all kinds and the disposition to love and appreciate everything. He says, "I have become, as it were, sensitive only to the rays of good, as some photographic films of recent invention are sensitive only to certain single colored rays of light."

In answer to the question whether the elimination of anger and worry may not take away some of the stimulation to effort that is necessary to human progress, the author replies: "Assuredly not. The absence of anger and worry is an evidence of strength, and not of weakness: even so-called righteous anger is a weakness in the presence of judicial calm. Without anger and worry one is stronger to ward off a blow, administer a correction, or protect a principle. The emancipated mind is as eager for effort as a child is for play. Freed from anger and worry, one can shovel more dirt, plant more furrows, perform every duty better and with less fatigue than if under their influence."

Various examples are given by Mr. Fletcher of victory over the worry fiend. He himself has seen with perfect equanimity, the last train for the day leave the station just as the hotel porter arrived with his baggage. Business men, manufacturers with

* "Menticulture, or the A, B, C, of True Living." By Horace Fletcher.

their workmen, professional men, nervous women, testify to their success in emancipating themselves by realizing the needlessness of worry, and resolving not to yield to it. The suggestion of this author is timely and valuable. A true spirit of brotherhood is impossible when the soul is tormented with an undercurrent of anxiety. "Fear hath torment. There is no love in fear, but perfect love casteth out fear."

How can the Habit of Worrying be conquered?

It cannot be done without resolute and persevering effort. But with such effort the habit certainly can be mastered. If the following suggestions are intelligently observed, the habit will lose its power; and quietness and peace will take the place of the feverish anxiety, the undercurrent of restless feeling which robs the human heart of its natural happiness, and raises the question, so often heard, whether life is really worth the living.

RULES FOR CONQUERING THE WORRY HABIT.

1. Realize it as an enemy which destroys your happiness.
2. Realize that it can be cured by persistent effort.
3. Attack it definitely, as something to be overcome.
4. Realize that it never has done and never can do the least good. It wastes vitality and impairs the mental faculties.
5. Consider what must be involved in the truth that God is infinite, and that you are a part of his plan.
6. Memorize some of the Scripture promises, and recall them when the temptation to worry returns.
7. Help and comfort your neighbor.
8. Forgive your enemies and conquer your aversions.
9. Induce others to begin the work of emancipation from the worry habit.

It will be observed that the first six rules refer to efforts we are to make for ourselves, and the last three concern our relation to others. The last rule is by no means the least important. No emancipation can be complete which does not seek to include the neighbor. The habit of worrying is so universal and so deep-seated that, aside from the struggles with our own natural temperament, there is the added difficulty of resisting the atmosphere of anxiety by which American life is so pervaded. The greater the number of our friends and neighbors we can persuade to make the effort with us, the more rapid and substantial will be our own individual progress. There are two reasons for this: (1) giving expression to an idea emphasizes and confirms it in our own minds; (2) committing ourselves to others increases our sense of responsibility, and we are, therefore, more likely to be faithful to the purpose we have expressed, whatever it may be. With a wise appreciation of this principle, a far-seeing business man, who became interested in the emancipation idea, purchased two thousand copies of "Menticulture,"—the book referred to on a previous page,—and distributed them throughout his city, with a printed circular, or note, calling the personal attention of his fellow-citizens to the importance of the movement. If this example should be widely followed, our worry-haunted nation would be freed from its dominating passion in a single generation. If employers would bring the subject to the attention of their employees, letting it be understood that they were themselves striving to overcome the habit, it would be a bond of sympathy between them. It is not unreasonable to hope that this movement is a step toward solving the great problem of capital and labor.

The "Don't Worry Reform" touches life on all sides. Teachers can utilize the idea as a help in controlling their pupils. The suggestion in the school-room that a "Don't Worry Society" be formed could not fail to lead to the happiest results. The discipline of the school would be improved, and the blessing to the children of going into life with this principle fixed into their minds would be incalculable.

A separate organization is not needed for carrying on this reform. It should be a "plank" in the platform of every society that aims to promote the welfare of the public. Especially should this movement be engrafted upon all distinctly religious organizations, like the Christian Endeavor, the Young Men's Christian Association, the

King's Daughters and Sons, the Brotherhoods of St. Andrew and of Andrew and Philip, and all which have to do with the younger generation. Our young people should be led to realize that quietness is power, that they lose effectiveness of effort to the extent that they yield to impatience and fret. Anxiety is not only unwise, it is unchristian. It is actually bearing witness against the Fatherhood of God. Swedenborg says, "They who are anxious attribute to themselves that which is of the Divine Providence, and oppose the influx of life,—the life of good and truth."

And now comes another witness, the testimony of science, showing us that "thoughts are things," and that trust in a Supreme Power ruling and guiding our lives is an essential element of the highest reason. The remaining chapters of this small volume are devoted to a consideration of this inspiring and uplifting truth.

A Thought which is transforming the World.

A transforming thought is slowly taking possession of the world. It is a new conception of the infinity of God, and of all that must be involved in the meaning of that word. That the Supreme Being is omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent, has heretofore been accepted theoretically; but it has been little more than a vague generalization. In fact, it could not become a working hypothesis until modern science appeared upon the scene, to show that what are called the laws of nature are simply God's methods of working in nature. . . . Men are talking of the *allness* and *everywhereness* of God, and the *nowness* of eternal life, and are beginning to comprehend the infinite inclusiveness of the words. The allness and everywhereness of God means that no atom of star-dust throughout the universe can exist without him, no microscopic inhabitant of the infusorial world can live without his life, no member of the human race, however degraded, can escape his loving plans.

Parallel with this stupendous revelation is another which saves us from being overwhelmed by it. It is beginning to be seen that Jesus, the Son of Man, the Christ of God, was and is the interpreter of the mighty truth, the centre, the representative, the embodiment of the cosmic idea of God. His life and teachings expressed all the height, depth, breadth, immensity, of the modern conception of the infinitude of the Supreme Being. But how simple and gracious was the revelation. He showed us that this infinite Deity, this mighty cosmic force, is a heavenly Father. He clothes the grass and the flower. He takes a loving interest in and exercises a perfect supervision over his children, as if each was an only child. His care is so special and so minute that he even numbers the hairs of their heads.

Christ's followers accepted this wonderful truth, and lived by it. They sought first his kingdom,—the spiritual kingdom, the kingdom within,—and rose superior to the things of this world. Persecution, suffering, dungeons, death, were of no account to them; for they had the fruits of the Spirit, the realities of eternal life in their own souls. How this faith was gradually lost to the world (but always retained by a loyal few even in the darkest ages) does not need to be rehearsed here. The sad story is too familiar to us all. The phase of history which at present concerns us is that the faith of the early disciples is returning to the world, and by a pathway which until now would have seemed an absolute impossibility,—by the pathway of science. The closing years of the nineteenth century are witnessing a ceremonial than which the heart of man can conceive nothing more glorious, more inspiring, more prolific of benefits to mankind,—the nuptials of science and religion.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Unitarian:—

It is so unusual to see a story like "Parson Merrivale's Doubt" written by a minister and published in a religious magazine that I feel constrained to write a word of appreciation. Such sentiments encourage me to think that Unitarianism is going to be really the religion of Jesus, as it professes to be.

It is a sad commentary on the pulpit that in all this broad land the toiler never

thinks of appealing to the minister to help him secure reasonable wages for a reasonable day's work, that the reformer in any line does not expect his co-operation.

But times are changing, and I doubt not that there is many a Parson Merrivale in the pulpit to-day. May they all have the courage to speak out as some are already doing, and as a few of the great and good ones of the past did, and stand firm for the oppressed till the burden is taken off!

Telling the poor that it is the Christian's duty to be content with his lot, that worldly possessions do not give happiness, that it is themselves, and not their conditions, that are at fault, that they must control their envy and jealousy, and quit complaining, work and pray and hope for their reward in heaven; reminding the rich that the poor are necessary to keep them from growing hard-hearted and selfish, asking them to band together to give food to the hungry, old clothes to the naked, flowers, advice, and prayers to the prisoner, medicine and care to the sick, who perhaps would rather die than get well, a few days' outing to the little city waif,—has not lessened the chasm between the rich and the poor, nor made them feel much more like saying, "*Our* Father, who art in heaven."

There is a better way of visiting the sick, sheltering the stranger, feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked; and I believe the minister who is to be a power in his day and generation, and in the generations to follow, will not shun the great questions of capital and labor, temperance, social purity, crime and its prevention, etc., that concern the welfare of the whole nation.

I like the *Unitarian*, and feel sure it is doing a great work for Christianity.

M. E. SHANNON.

Carthage, Mo.

To the Editor of the Unitarian:—

Through the kindness of stranger friends in Jamaica Plain, Mass., I have had the pleasure of reading your magazine for the last two years, but have never seen any communication from this vicinity. We have a good many people here who fail to find in the old orthodox theology a belief that is satisfactory; and, if the more liberal ideas of Unitarianism could be introduced here, I feel that it would find many adherents.

We have a Methodist Episcopal and a Congregational church in our village; but we have here, and in the surrounding country, a good many disposed to think. I have called the attention of a number to sermons I have received through the postmaster, and all seemed favorably impressed with the views expressed. Could there be a movement made here to reach the people, it would no doubt be successful; and, as I read of the spread of the new theology in other places, I hope the time may come when we, too, may be reached.

T. S. METZGER.

Amity, Mo.

EDITORIAL.

Vacation Time. TIME has grown so miserly of late, or else by some democratic inheritance-legislation his estate has been so extensively subdivided, that no one seems to have enough to remember him by; and, if it were not for vacations, and good long ones, machine life and machine law would soon rattle the weak and foolish to death and exhaust even the strong and wise.

> "Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
> Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
> A great-sized monster of ingratitudes."

He seems to have put a great many human beings into that wallet as tempting scraps for the huge and awful Moloch who, dumb and emotionless, makes no acknowledgment. Vacations keep us out of Time's grab-bag for oblivion.

Every life has a certain amount of original yeast; but the daily clip-clip and jingle-jangle of the machine, running with an increasing momentum from the piled-up mass of back work, pounds and desiccates the fibre of the plant so that it cannot grow. Vacations ought to be yeasting times. For the church, for the home, for each man's business, and for every individual's own batch of life there should be a quiet season for the plucky little yeast plant to have a chance of leavening the lump.

Life Yeast. To start the little life-yeast plant on its noble vacation mission, some such epigrammatic, deeply suggestive little volume as the "Pensées"

of Joubert may well be slipped into a coat pocket before leaving the city for the sea or the work-bench for wholesome woods. Ruskin dares to say of this Frenchman's bright gems of thought, "These 'Pensées' are the wisest and most precious things for this time I've ever seen in print."

Matthew Arnold probably first called the attention of English-speaking people to Joubert, but now that Mr. Attwell has given us an admirable translation the thoughts may become popular. Ruskin no doubt delighted in this: "He who executes whatever he can perform runs the risk of exposing the limits of his ability."

Sitting before the horizonless Atlantic on an August afternoon, how many ministers might see sermons in this: "Space is the stature of God"! Authors might disagree with the following, but for thousands it is true: "The great drawback in new books is that they prevent our reading older ones."

It would be a great impulse toward the filling up of the churches after vacation if all felt with Joubert that "religion should be loved as a kind of country. It was religion that nourished our virtues, that showed us heaven, that taught us to walk in the path of duty."

Religious Outlook. A QUITE remarkable series of addresses was brought out by the Unitarian Club of California at its annual meeting held in San Francisco last April. The subject for consideration was the general one of "Religion"; but six eminent speakers were invited to treat each a special field, as follows: "Culture and the Religious Sentiment," Martin Kellogg, LL.D., president University of California; "Catholic-mindedness in Religion," William Ford Nichols, D.D., bishop of California; "The Conflict of Science," David Starr Jordan, LL.D., president Leland Stanford, Jr., University; "The Function of Universities in Religion," Prof. George Holmes Howison, LL.D.; "Co-operation of Religion and Science in Uplifting Humanity," Prof. Joseph Le Conte, LL.D.; "Woman and Religion," Rev. William Rounseville Alger.

This admirable scheme of treatment gave an opportunity to consider the relation to religious thought to-day of culture, liberality, science, education, co-operation, and woman. The speeches have been published in part by the club as a pamphlet, and are as valuable as bright and pleasing. We are pleased to print Dr. Alger's brief address on "Woman and Religion" in another place in this number.

In Remembrance. THE Channing Memorial Church of Newport is the happy recipient of the following bequests under the will of the late Mrs. Mary T. Lawton: $10,000 to the corporation for general purposes; $10,000 as a permanent fund for keeping the church manse on Kay Street in repair, the interest on the principal to be so used; $5,000 to the Ladies' Society of the church; and $500 to the Sunday-school for books, etc.,—total, $25,500.

Present Paradise. AN interesting volume, entitled "The Present Paradise," has been sent to us from Calcutta. It contains various essays and speeches by Rev. P. M. Chondry, a missionary in the Brahmo-Somaj. That our readers may share our pleasure in following the noble spiritual hopes and ideals of this far distant worker for the religion of love to God and man, we make selections from his book for this month's "Upward Look Each Day."

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

[Selections from "The Present Paradise," a volume of essays by Rev. P. M. Chondry, a missionary worker in the Brahmo-Somaj at Calcutta, India.]

Sunday.

God lives in the present tense. He never saith, "I will be or I was"; but he ever saith, "I am." He knows not a past and anticipates no future. All his dealings and promises move on the pivot of the word "now." How full of meaning is this present tense which God uses when he says, "I am"! It is not that he was with us and now he is absent from us, or that he will be with us but is not now with us; but it means that he is ever present with us. Like silly children, we may look for God through a reversed telescope, removing him to an infinite distance by our way of regarding him. Or we may cry out for fear, like startled babes in the dark, who do not know that their mother is sitting by their

side. But our divine mother is incessantly saying, "My darling, do not fear: I am near."

Monday.

The real paradise of God is not where the Ganges or the Jordan flows, or where the Himalaya or the Sinai stands: it is not located in a lofty rock or in a flowing river. A mere immersion in the Ganges or an ascent to the Himalaya opens not the gate of heaven to an atheist. "Going to holy Benares will make no pig an elephant; and no pilgrimage will make a saint of a rogue." Saintliness or heavenliness is conformity to the will of God, and it is communicated to such as are born of the Holy Spirit. To the reborn the true paradise of God is opened. Within their soul lies the Sinai of conscience, and there flows the Jordan of love. They know that the real paradise of God is not an outward fact of observation, but it is a tremendous inward reality.

Tuesday.

God is our life. He is the root and nourishment of every soul. As no branch can bear fruit except it abide in the tree, so no soul can fructify except she abide in God. Like the branches of a large tree, the numerous nations of the same human stock have gone forth in the different directions of the globe; but each of them is directly connected with God. God is the life of every soul. This central truth is the eternal ground of unity among the members of the vast human family. This identity of life is the firm rock which endureth forever. Though roaring surges beat against it, it shall not give way. When one God is our common parent and guardian, how can we separate ourselves from one another?

Wednesday.

The foundations of heaven are laid in human character. The precious stones upon which the heavenly city is built are the lives which receive and transmit the light of God's life, each with a different lustre. The celestial glory is the glory of truth, love, and holiness. These are the realities which are unseen and eternal, but are not abstractions; for they have no meaning to us except in personal attributes. Only a person can be truthful, loving, and pure. God makes and abides in his own heaven, the heaven that he himself is. And so is he, through all generations, the true and only dwelling-place of his children. To live untruthfully, unlovingly, unrighteously, is to live outside of heaven or God.

Thursday.

Beware of self-culture or self-perfectioning without God. Can self perfect itself? Can it bind its own lust that it may never become an adulterer, or its own anger that it may never find itself a murderer? Is self its own savior? Experience convinces us of the utter sterility of self-saving. Self left to itself follows only a dead and stale routine work of self-reformation. Without God I am only a languid and stagnant rivulet. When he comes to me as an overflowing ocean tide, I am swiftly carried heavenward.

Friday.

God is our king. He ruleth and holdeth this vast universe in the hollow of his hands. Great and devout souls worship him with the unfading flowers of love, and wash his feet with the flowing waters of everlasting joy. In heaven they enjoy deep communion with God and taste the sweetness of brotherly and sisterly relations with men and women. And, since they serve one God, disunion among them is impossible. Obedience to one Lord is the secret of the kingdom of heaven.

Saturday.

If we find at least one man dead to self and alive to God, there is the gospel of hope for the world. That one life will reproduce itself in other lives; for it is the life of the omnipotent God in a human soul: it cannot be barren and impotent.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

Our readers on the Pacific Coast or in the South will probably take little interest in summer meetings which are held in New England. It is perhaps well enough to mention the fact that summer meetings are becoming customary among Unitarians during the month of July. The Isles of Shoals have been crowded with Unitarians attending meetings for eight days. The experiment has been a great success both as to numbers and to the quality of the proceedings. No little interest was excited by the manful speaking and hearty social fellowship of Dr. Moxom and Dr. Barton of the Orthodox Congregational Church.

At Weirs, on Lake Winnepesaukee, the month closes with a grove meeting which has a history of many years. These meetings might well attract the attention of those who seek a summer refuge in New England, because there are combined beau-

tiful scenery, fresh air, good company, and intellectual stimulus of a high order.

In September comes the meeting of the National Conference at Saratoga. The authorities of the town and the managers of Convention Hall have promised to make the acoustic properties suitable for our purpose. To this end the legislature of the great State of New York had to be set in motion, and a special law passed allowing taxation for this purpose. It is to be hoped that the town authorities will not grant the same privileges for the same week to the National Conference and the Democratic State Convention.

At headquarters one is tempted to remain through all the summer days because so many friends from distant parts of the country choose this time to visit Boston and call at 25 Beacon Street. Within one hour, recently, visitors were welcomed from Chicago, Topeka, and Atlanta.

In June the annual committees were appointed, as follows:—

Finance, Arthur T. Lyman, Henry J. Hosmer, John Mason Little, Archibald M. Howe, and Alfred Metcalf.

Publication, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, Rev. Ellery C. Butler, Rev. Howard N. Brown, Rev. Austin S. Garver, and Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.

New England States, Henry J. Hosmer, Archibald M. Howe, Rev. Ellery C. Butler, Alfred Metcalf, and Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.

Middle States, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, Henry B. Wells, Rev. Minot J. Savage, D.D., Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, and Mrs. Charles T. Catlin.

Southern States, John Mason Little, Rev. Ellery C. Butler, Rev. Austin S. Garver, Mrs. Thomas Talbot, and Mrs. Charles T. Catlin.

Western States, Rev. William W. Fenn, John Mason Little, Rev. Howard N. Brown, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, and Rev. Thomas R. Slicer.

Pacific Coast, Arthur T. Lyman, Rev. Thomas L. Eliot, D.D., Francis Cutting, Henry J. Hosmer, and Mrs. Thomas Talbot.

Foreign Missions, Rev. William W. Fenn, Rev. Howard N. Brown, Rev. Minot J. Savage, D.D., Rev. Austin S. Garver, and Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.

Education, Rev. Thomas L. Eliot, D.D., Archibald M. Howe, Henry B. Wells, Mrs. Thomas Talbot, and Mrs. Charles T. Catlin.

Executive Committee, Henry J. Hosmer, Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, John Mason Little, Rev. William W. Fenn, and Mrs. Thomas Talbot.

The resignation of Rev. D. M. Wilson, superintendent for New England, was accepted, to take effect in November. Mr. Wilson's work has been done with thorough devotion and sincerity. He is an excellent preacher of more than ordinary ability, and will return again to the work of the regular ministry.

Along many of the lines of communication which end at the secretary's desk come questions concerning the functions of the pulpit and the questions which the minister should discuss. It is difficult to draw the line between that which is edifying and that which is not, between that which is timely and that which is not, between that which is a matter of duty and that which is only expedient. But one rule would seem to have the sanction of common sense; namely, the administration of religion in any church should be such that its members would carry into all political parties and business transactions the highest principles of religion and morality. Moreover, the administration of religion in the church should be such that Republicans, Democrats, Populists, gold-bugs and free silverites, free traders and protectionists, might sit in their respective pews under the spell of a moral influence which would compel them to regard these questions from the point of view of ethical obligation. There is a moral question under every question of policy. How shall it be treated? Shall the minister attempt to decide where the right morally lies between free trade and protection, or shall he, leaving this question to those knowing more about them than he does, simply draw both parties up to the high place where they will be compelled to think of the moral aspects of these questions?

The following persons are members of the Church Building Loan Fund for the current year: Rev. Howard N. Brown, Henry W. Putnam, Charles P. Ware, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, Rev. John Cuckson, and Wilmon W. Blackmar, with president, secretary, and treasurer members *ex officiis*.

GEORGE BATCHELOR, *Secretary*.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The most important thing to mention in this month's record of Sunday-school affairs is the series of leaflet lessons planned for 1897–98. I have already mentioned, from time to time, the wide acceptance of these one-topic three-grade lessons. And even last year, with the difficult subjects, the circulation was very large. The Unitarian Sunday School Society fully understood that the course of lessons on "The Story of Israel" and the "Great Thoughts of Israel" were in substance and form calculated to be

rather difficult both for teachers and pupils. But nothing in text-book form, complete and modern, had been published, covering the wonderful history of the Hebrew nation from the times of the prophets Elijah and Elisha to the birth of Jesus. This is a most fruitful historic period to earnest readers of history, and especially valuable to those who love to trace the origin of Christianity. Consequently, we have now for future use a set of lessons on the history of the Hebrew people, covering the time mentioned, which will be of use for many years to come in Sunday-school instruction. It is well enough to remind my readers that we have now a fine set of six manuals, arranged in consecutive order and adapted in three grades for study through the entire Sunday-school at any given time. These lessons embody the latest scholarship, and will stand the test of examination in that respect for a long time ahead. They are as follows :—

Old Testament Narratives.
The Story of Israel.
Great Thoughts of Israel.
Scenes in the Life of Jesus.
Teaching of Jesus.
Beginning of Christianity.

Now it is proposed to add to the foregoing a fifth year's course, which will prove a rounding out and happy completion of the whole. The lessons for the next school year, to be issued in weekly leaflets, will be on "Beacon Lights of Christian History." The time covered will be from the death of Paul, which ends the manual on the "Beginning of Christianity," to our present day. There will be forty lessons in all prepared for the Intermediate and Advanced grades (there will be no Primary grade in this course, as the subjects are not well adapted for that age). In order to provide more material for the teachers, the Intermediate leaflet will be printed by itself on a four-page leaflet, and the Advanced will be separate and fill four pages. This will give double the amount of matter found in the previous lessons, as the Intermediate and Advanced grades were formerly published together on a four-page leaflet. The preparation of these lessons will be in the hands of the president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society.

It is planned to illustrate, with some appropriate picture, every other issue of the Intermediate grade, thus increasing the attractiveness of the lessons. This course of study has been outlined, and it is hoped by the editor in charge that this can be carried out; but, if necessary, changes will be made along the way. It will be seen that, beginning with the first lesson, one subject is almost wholly biographical and picturesque in character, and then follows alternately a lesson in which the leading thought or truth or principle of the preceding lesson is applied to life and character at large. This arrangement provides variety, and saves the course from the danger of monotony. It also gives opportunity for the teachers to carry the biographical and purely historical lesson over into the second one, in case time is short.

I advise teachers to cut out this list of subjects for future reference. The course is supposed to begin, as with the previous series, on the third Sunday in September, though the leaflets bear no date. Consequently, there will be two lessons ready for distribution on September 1; and samples can be ordered at the headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Unitarian Sunday School Society. These initial lessons will be on "Martyrs,—Polycarp",—and "The Martyr Spirit." There is nothing so far published which treats Christian history in any fulness for purposes of study in Sunday-schools except the book by Dr. Allen, "Outlines of Christian History"; but this is intended for earnest study by advanced classes. Therefore, in providing these popular lessons on the great characters and leading events of Christian centuries, the Sunday School Society is endeavoring to meet a want, and hopes to do it with a fair measure of success. The lesson plan is as follows: —

*1. Martyrs.—Polycarp.
2. The Martyr Spirit.
*3. Church of the Catacombs.—Early Christians.
4. Spirit of First Believers.
*5. Monks.—Paul the Hermit.
6. The Ascetic Spirit.
*7. Half Converts.—Constantine.
8. Spirit of Policy.
*9. Missions.—Ulfilas.
10. The Missionary Spirit.
*11. True Converts.—Augustine.
12. Spirit of Repentance.
*13. Preachers.—Chrysostom.
14. The Preacher's Spirit.
*15. Growth of Papacy.— Leo the Great and Hildebrand.
16. The Ecclesiastical Spirit.
*17. Christianity in England.—King Alfred.
18. The Educational Spirit.
*19. The Crusades.—Godfrey.
20. Fanatical Spirit.
*21. A Gospel for All.—Saint Francis d'Assisi.
22. The Loving Spirit.
*23. Heretics.—The Albigenses.
24. Spirit of Free Thought.
*25. The Reformation.—Martin Luther.
26. Spirit of Protestantism.

* Those starred will be illustrated in Intermediate grade.

*27. The Jesuits.—Loyola.
28. Proselyting Spirit.
*29. Doctrines.—John Calvin.
30. The Theological Spirit.
*31. Protestantism in America.—The Pilgrims and Puritans.
32. Spirit of Sincerity.
*33. Science and Religion.—Sir Isaac Newton.
34. The Scientific Spirit.
*35. Revivals.—John Wesley.
36. The Revival Spirit.
*37. Liberal Christianity.—Channing and Ballou.
38. The Humanitarian Spirit.
*39. Parliament of Religions.
40. The Catholic Spirit.

Sunday-school teachers who intend to use this series of lessons, and wish to read something beforehand in the summer which opens up the general subject, will find either Prof. George P. Fisher's "History of the Christian Church," or Bishop John F. Hurst's "Short History of the Christian Church," a very good guide through the entire territory embraced by the lessons. The reading of such a book at the outset gives a perspective of the various events, and groups the entire range of topics in an enlightening manner. The price of these leaflet lessons will be 75 cents a hundred.

As I have given so much space to the important matter of next year's lessons, I am necessarily limited in my reference to the successful meeting at the Isles of Shoals on July 15, under the auspices of the Unitarian Sunday School Society. The statement which I have made in this department, from time to time, as to the deepened interest on the part of Unitarians in Sunday-schools and their welfare, was verified again. An attendance large, attention constant and sympathetic, and a response thoroughly gratifying were the facts that can be reported of this meeting in the Unitarian summer course at the quaint isles anchored about nine miles off Portsmouth.

Even those who are not identified with Sunday-school duties, if they have our cause at heart, are always anxious to learn what is said and done in this direction. It is greatly because of this that I so frequently refer to the general aspects of Sunday-schools at the present time. The members of our churches as a whole ought to know the prevalent feeling and estimate. Larger and grander work is yet to be done, based on this deeper appreciation.

A scholarly address was made by Rev. Orello Cone, D.D., upon "The Place and Use of the Higher Criticism in Sunday-school Teaching." This was delivered in a compact and lucid way, and was considered one of the leading addresses of the week. He was followed by Mrs. James A. Beatley of Boston, whose work as superintendent of the Sunday-school at the Church of the Disciples is so well known. Her forcible presentation of the subject, "Sources of Success in Sunday-school Instruction," was appreciated by all present. Her zeal and intelligence combined gave a fresh impulse to every listener. The third and last address was made by Rev. Thomas Van Ness of the Second Church, Boston, whose subject, "Organization in Sunday-schools," gave him a totally different sphere of remarks from the preceding speakers. Marking off on the blackboard various specifications, Mr. Van Ness lighted up the whole situation of discouragements and encouragements in the actual conduct of the Sunday-school. The address was most excellent and helpful. The opening address of this meeting was made by the president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, who gave some arguments to prove that the Sunday-school is, or can be made, a source of church loyalty, perfected citizenship, and personal character. EDWARD A. HORTON.

*Those starred will be illustrated in Intermediate grade.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.

Truth. Worship. Service.

With over five hundred Unitarians at the summer meetings at the Isles of Shoals, we missed the *Unitarian*. Would it had been there! for it was a wonderful time,—such an experience as comes not often in a lifetime. Not the least important feature was the meeting, or rather two meetings, of the Young People's Religious Union. Four young people's societies of other denominations sent their official representative. One could almost count on the fingers the number of such meetings ever held in this country. It was an earnest, thoughtful, cordial, and friendly gathering. The charm of the place seemed to enter into every heart, and most inspiring services were held. Rev. De Witt S. Clarke, of Salem, Mass., spoke of the great Christian Endeavor movement, in which he did not at first believe. He had come to see that this was a wonderful work, this putting to use the vast unused power of the youth of our land to work for "Christ and the Church." It was not the singing of gospel hymns, the waving of banners, which was all. The society had grown to its present vast proportions, 50,180 branches with a membership of over 3,000,000, because

the world needed its work. Its work was not done, nor would be till the individual life, the home, the school, the workshop, the town, and nation had all been brought to the life of higher things.

Rev. E. M. Taylor, D.D., of Roxbury, from the Epworth League, spoke most richly and eloquently. Personality is a great power. There is some of God's work for each of us, which none other can do. This personality should be consecrated to high ideals, and its service should be voluntary.

Rev. Ashley Smith of Annisquam, speaking for the Christian Union, said their motto was "Onward," their paper was "Onward," and they were marching to the goal of the perfect individual, the perfect society, and a nobler life in all the world. Another motto they had, "Each for all, and all for each,"—a Christian socialism far different from that commonly known. We consecrate our best powers to the service of man.

President Van Ness spoke of the principles of the Religious Union. Of each of these, Truth, Worship, Service, we had a somewhat different conception from that of the past. We do not find all truth in any one record: it is everywhere, and each new day brings a fresh revelation. Worship means not form nor creed; it is the direct contact of the soul with God. All we need is in the Eternal Mind: we have only to come directly to that mind. Worship is so natural a thing, since we can never be apart from God, that we want our young people to be God-seekers. Our service has to do with all of life, even with those things not always thought to be religious. Man is our brother; and we serve wherever we can help ourselves, another, to the heights.

The people quite forgot the old Psalmist's injunction, "Let all the earth keep silence before him;" when it came to singing our inspiring rally hymns. The old sang as they used to sing forty years ago, and the young people as though that was the best thing they could do to show their devotion to our cause.

BOOKS.

Talks to Young Men. By Charles H. Parkhurst. New York: Century Company. This series of eleven addresses to young men seem to have been struck off at white heat. The subjects treated form an admirable outline of a noble career. Much familiar advice appears in fresh and varied form. The pointed, epigrammatic utterances for which Dr. Parkhurst is famous may be found on every page, and serve to fix in the memory much important advice.

Martha Washington. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner.—No volume in the series of "Colonial Women" will be likely to attract more interest than this of "Martha Washington." The peculiar difficulties arising partly from the fact that the distinct personality of Mrs. Washington was largely overshadowed by that of her husband, and in a minor way through the unfortunate destruction of nearly all the family letters, have been largely overcome by diligent research and much faithful labor. A life-like picture, not only of Martha Washington, but of husband and wife together, is conveyed by this book more satisfactorily than anything we have read elsewhere. To read these pages is to gain an intimacy with the Mount Vernon household as distinctly valuable as delightful.

Religion for to-day. By Minot J. Savage. Boston: George H. Ellis.—This volume contains the restatement by Mr. Savage for his New York congregation of his views on the fundamental principles, issues, and problems of religion. While it necessarily contains statements with which Mr. Savage's readers are familiar, yet it bears the stamp of fresh and vivid utterance, and altogether is probably the very best single volume which any one could own or give to a friend as a definite summary of the progressive liberal gospel so ably and brilliantly presented by Dr. Savage.

Life of Frederic Thomas Greenhalge. By James E. Nesmith. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—The character and career of the late Governor Greenhalge both demand a biography, and the volume before us fulfils that demand admirably. It is well written, it gives full and ample information. It is in a vital sense historical: it allows the subject of its story to speak largely himself, it makes him personally prominent. Yet the background and setting is nowhere vague or illusory. We have the moving political events in which Greenhalge was an actor, we have his home and city life, we have especially his inner intellectual career. In religion the late Governor of Massachusetts was eminently clear-sighted and practical; he did admirable work in the stamp his religious character put upon all his statesmanship; he delivered some layman's addresses before Unitarian clubs that were strong expositions of the faith that was in him. He was fond of literature, and wrote occasional poems and some stirring hymns. His life touched an unusually broad and varied circle of interests, and this record of his too brief career is full of inspiring hopefulness.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE BOYLESS TOWN.

A cross old woman of long ago
Declared that she hated noise:
"The town would be so plea-ant, you know,
If only there were no boys."
She scolded and fretted about it till
Her eyes grew heavy as lead;
And then of a sudden the town grew still,
For all the boys had fled.

And all through the long and dusty street
There wasn't a boy in view:
The base-ball lot where they used to meet
Was a sight to make one blue.
The grass was growing on every base
And the paths that the runners made;
For there wasn't a soul in all the place
Who knew how the game was played.

The dogs were sleeping the livelong day:
Why should they bark or leap?
There wasn't a whistle or call to play,
And so they could only sleep.
The pony neighed from his lonely stall,
And longed for saddle and rein;
And even the birds on the garden wall
Chirped only a dull refrain.

The cherries rotted and went to waste,—
There was no one to climb the trees;
And nobody had a single taste
Save only the birds and bees.
There wasn't a messenger boy,—not one
To speed as such messengers can:
If people wanted their errands done,
They sent for a messenger-man.

There was little, I ween, of frolic and noise,
There was less of cheer and mirth:
The sad old town, since it lacked its boys,
Was the dreariest place on earth.
The poor old woman began to weep,
Then woke with a sudden scream,
"Dear me" she cried: "I have been asleep;
And, oh, what a horrid dream!"

—*Robert Clarkson Tongue, in St. Nicholas.*

"Children," said a good man to the family gathered around his death-bed, "during my long life I have had a great many troubles, most of which never happened."

CARRIER PIGEON.

One day a carrier pigeon tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home at Christiania. Instantly the window was opened, and the wife of the famous arctic explorer in another moment covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses.

The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage *thirty long months*, but *had not forgotten the way home.* It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with his expedition in the polar regions.

Nansen had fastened a message to the bird, and turned it loose.

The frail courier darted out into the blizzardly air, flew like an arrow over *perhaps a thousand miles of frozen waste*, and then *over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests*, to enter the window of its waiting mistress, and deliver the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously.

We boast of human pluck, sagacity, and endurance; but this loving carrier pigeon, after an absence of thirty months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to amazement and admiration.—*From Nansen's Arctic Explorations.*

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "PICNIC."

It isn't a very old word, but it had its origin in a very natural way. People who desired to go on an excursion to the woods or to the fields made out a list of articles which they would need to take along. This list was passed around; and each person "picked" out the name of the article she would furnish, which was then "nicked" off the list. Some witty man probably called the excursion a picked-nicked or a picking-nicking party. Of course it didn't take long to get the word down to simple "picnic."

Religion is like the sun: it is not meant so much for us to look at as to see by.—*Dean Stanley.*

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

It will be seen by reference to the cover that we are keeping an *index* to every item of news from our churches. At the end of each year that index is given to every subscriber, so that references to what has taken place in any society can easily be made.

Has your church an item of news in this number of the *Unitarian?* We should be glad to have you represented, and will gladly publish every month any announcements, notices, or news which you will send us. The *Unitarian* is a parish paper, and its interest is in every parish.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Unitarian National Conference.—The Seventeenth Biennial Meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches will be held in Saratoga, N.Y., September 20 to 23 inclusive. Arrangements have been made with the hotels and principal boarding-houses in Saratoga to receive guests during the Conference meeting at the following rates:—

	Regular rate per day.	*Special rate.*
United States Hotel	$5.00	2 in room $3.00
Worden Hotel	3.00	no special
Vermont House	2.50	$1.50
Dr. Strong's Sanitarium	3.00	2.00
The Lafayette	2.50	2.00
Broadway House	2.00	1.50
The Linwood	2 50	2 00
Huestis House	3.00	2 in room 2.50
Balch House	2.50	2.00
Summer Rest	2.50	2.00
American Adelphi	2.50	2.00
Imwood Hall	2.00	1.00
Temple Grove	3.00	2.50

Reduced Fares: By arrangement with the several passenger committees of the Trunk Line Associations, reduced fares to Saratoga and return have been secured over all the principal lines of railway, except those in the Western Lines Passenger Association north-west of Chicago and St. Louis. This reduction is on what is called the "certificate plan," and will prevail on all except the Boston & Albany and Fitchburg Railroads. These will issue round-trip tickets instead of certificates. The rate for the round-trip tickets will be announced later.

The following is the programme for the conference meeting:—

Monday Afternoon.

4.00 P.M. Meeting of the Council.

Monday Evening.

8.00 P.M. Sermon. Rev. Reed Stuart, Detroit, Mich.

Tuesday Morning.

9.00 A.M. Communion Service. Rev. Rush R. Shippen, Brockton, Mass.
10.00 A.M. Address of Welcome. President. Appointment of Committees, etc.
10.30 A.M. Address. Chairman of the Council.
11.00 A.M. Address. Secretary of the American Unitarian Association.
11.30 A.M. Introduction of New Business and consideration of our Periodical Literature,—the *New World.*
12.00 M. Report of the Business Committee.

Tuesday Afternoon.

3.00 P.M. Meeting of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women.

Tuesday Evening.

7.45 P.M. "Our Young People."

Wednesday Morning.

9.00 A.M. Devotional Meeting. Rev. E. F. Hayward.
10.00 A.M. "The Old Theology and the New."
1. In Relation to History and Philosophy. Rev. John W. Chadwick.
2. In Relation to Biblical Criticism. Rev. W. S. Crowe, D.D.
3. The Points of Contact and Difference between Unitarianism and the New Orthodoxy. Rev. Charles F. Dole.

11.30 A.M. Discussion, to be led by Rev. Samuel Eastman.
12.00 M. Report of Business Committee.

Wednesday Afternoon.

3.00 P.M. Meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society.

Wednesday Evening.

7.45 P.M. Introductory Service.
8.00 P.M. "The Church and Public Life."
8.45 P.M. "The Citizen and the Republic." Hon. William Dudley Foulke.

Thursday Morning.

9.00 A.M. Devotional Meeting. Rev. S. F. Southworth.
10.00 A.M. "False Methods as Hindrances to Social Betterment." Prof. Edward Cummings.
10.45 A.M. Discussion. To be led by Rev. B. Fay Mills and Prof. Nicholas P. Gilman.
11.30 A.M. Periodical Literature,—the *Christian Register.*
12.00 M. Election of Officers.
12.15 P.M. Report of Business Committee.

Thursday Afternoon.

3.00 P.M. "Immortality." Rev. George Croswell Cressey, Ph.D.
3.30 P.M. "The Unconscious Testimony of Literature to the Spiritual Life here and hereafter." Rev. Samuel C. Beane, D.D.

Thursday Evening.

7.45 P.M. Introductory Service.
8.00 P.M. Platform Meeting. Five short addresses. Subject, "Denominational Loyalty."
1. Misinterpretations of Liberalism. Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D.
2. Loyalty without Bigotry. Rev. John Snyder.
3. Parental Indifference to Denominational Loyalty. Hon. Carroll D. Wright.
4. The Loyalty of the Layman. Rev. Eli Fay, D.D., Pasadena, Cal.
5. The Cost of our Freedom, and our Duty to maintain it. Rev. Minot J. Savage, D.D.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—Sunday evening parlor services will be held at the Unitarian church during August, as follows: August 1, Mr. W. K. Childs, "True Christian Citizenship"; August 8, Mr. F. P. Jordan, "Helpful Thoughts from the Gospels"; August 15, Mrs. F. P. Jordan, "Helpful Thoughts from Browning"; August 22, Miss Lucy Textor, Grand Haven, "The Bright Side of Dark Things"; August 29, Mr. David Boyd, Greeley, Col., "Unitarianism and the Masses."

Ashby, Mass.—The twenty-ninth anniversary of the settlement of Rev. George S. Shaw as pastor of the First Parish was observed Sunday, July 18, by appropriate services, the music being especially fine. Mr. Shaw reported that during the last year he had preached eighty-four times, attended two hundred and twenty-four other meetings, officiated at nineteen funerals and seven weddings, and made five hundred and nineteen calls.

Bar Harbor, Me.—The summer services at the Bar Harbor Unitarian church have thus far been conducted by Rev. D. M. Wilson, Rev. Edward H. Hall, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, and Rev. Francis G. Peabody. The appointments for August are as follows: Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, Rev. Chas. F. Dole, Rev. James De Normandie, Rev. Charles G. Ames, and Rev. Charles Carroll Everett.

Bernardston, Mass.—The Unitarian friends met at the parsonage in the afternoon and evening, Monday, July 5, for a social time, and to celebrate the national holiday. Refreshments were served from 4.30 to 8 o'clock. Music was furnished, and there were games for the young people and children.

Brooklyn, N.Y.—A correspondent writes: "The sad news that Rev. Stephen H. Camp of Unity Church had received a stroke of paralysis while at his country home in South Woodstock, Conn., reached here early in the month of July. For several days the reports of the sufferer's condition were very discouraging. But the latest news gives some hope that he will regain, in great measure, his strength, and be able, in part, to resume his place among his friends and fellow-workers. May this be true! No minister in the Middle States is more deeply loved, and none has a dearer, closer place in the hearts of his congregation. Mr. Camp's work has been unique in many respects. It cannot spare him who has been its central support and inspiration for almost twenty-eight years."

Grand Rapids, Mich.—The Unitarians of this city have united with the Universalists in All Souls' Church, with a handsome stone edifice and a large congregation. A unanimous and enthusiastic call has been extended to Rev. Leslie W. Sprague of Boston, who preached before the society one Sunday in May. Mr. Sprague will not be asked to sever his connection with the Unitarian denomination, but will doubtless be offered the fellowship of the Universalists of Michigan also. The field is a most inviting one, and it is expected Mr. Sprague will accept.

Green Harbor, Mass.—The annual fair, by which the people of Grace Chapel help to pay the running expenses of the society, is to be held on the afternoons of Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th and 12th of August. All money for the fair should be sent to Mr. Charles S. Peterson, Green Harbor, Mass., the treasurer of Grace Chapel. Articles should be sent to Mrs. Hoagland, with the name of the sender plainly marked, so that due acknowledgment may be made.

Hackensack, N.J.—A Branch of the Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women was organized the 1st of June. At present the members number fourteen; and the meetings are held every Wednesday. The outlook is very promising; and the Branch anticipates being of some help to the church society, which will resume its services in the fall.

Isles of Shoals, July 11-18.—The Unitarian Summer Meetings Association has proved its own excuse for being. The hotels have been crowded to fullest capacity with representatives from widely separated sections of the country and many have been refused admission. The character of the meetings, the beautiful surroundings, the associations of the place, all have contributed to make this week memorable to all. From the initial sermon, by Rev. S. M. Crothers of Cambridge, on the two kinds of religious aspiration, that of wings to fly from all earth's ills and that of the hand to help create a better condition, to the eloquent sermon of Rev. John Cuckson at the close, the spirit of the meetings has been one of deep earnestness, lofty spirituality, and broad helpfulness. The devotional meetings each morning, held now and again in the quaint little Gosport church, were most uplifting. These were in charge of Rev. Messrs. Alfred Manchester, Salem, Mass.; C. T. Billings, Lowell; F. A. Gilmore, Haverhill; Rev. J. C. Duncan, Clinton; J. P. Forbes, Taunton; and evening meetings conducted by Rev. Alfred Gooding, Portsmouth, and Rev. Enoch Powell, Nashua, N.H. On Monday Mr. Edwin D. Mead lectured on "Emerson and Carlyle," giving the salient characteristics of these two greatest philosophers of the age, in discriminating phrase.

The meeting of Tuesday morning would of itself have made the week a memorable one. It was a meeting of giant knights, with open visor and lance at rest. The subject, "Our Common Heritage and Sympathies," was presented most ably by Rev. Philip S. Moxom, D.D., and Rev. William E. Barton, D.D., for the Congregational division, and by Rev. George Batchelor and Rev. George L. Chaney for the Unitarians.

In the evening, "Lines of Advance toward Unity," was the theme of Rev. A. M. Lord of Providence, R.I., and Rev. E. D. Towle. Wednesday brought a full day. The morning session was taken by the younger men,—Rev. Messrs. Minot O. Simons, Billerica; Rev. Charles H. Porter, Jr., Hingham; Alfred Hussey, West Roxbury; and Charles J. Staples, Manchester; and their clarion call roused the sluggish blood of the most self-complacent or indifferent hearer. Unitarianism is a positive force so long as it can count on such as these. The work and aims of the Women's Alliance were convincingly given by Mrs. R. H. Davis of New York, Mrs. Eliza Sumner of Canton, Mass., and Mrs. Sarah F. Hamilton of Saco, Me. This is truly the right hand of the Church in all practical advance. The evening session was held at Appledore, so hallowed with associations and memories of that great soul who rejoiced and struggled, and rejoiced anew in the light, who has made this island a Mecca to thousands. The life of Celia Thaxter was most sympathetically and tenderly presented by Mr. John Albee, a close and lifelong friend of the poet, his picturesque personality adding to the beautiful pen-pictures he drew of this rare spirit. Songs from Mrs. Thaxter's poems, by Miss Mira Bell Ross, the well-known teacher and vocalist, and Miss Evans of Montreal, with readings of choice poems by Rev. Philip S. Moxom, made an evening of rarest pleasure. There is an earnest desire that this beautiful tribute to Celia Thaxter be put in published, permanent form.

Thursday morning brought the "Sunday-school and its Interests," Rev. Edward A. Horton presiding. Rev. Orello Cone, D.D., spoke of the higher criticism as connected with the Sunday-school. Mrs. James A. Beatley and Rev. Thomas Van Ness presented interestingly practical details. Afternoon and evening were devoted to the Young People's Religious Union, with Messrs. E. J. Prescott and Charles H. Porter, Jr., presiding. It was a happy thought to have each denomination present the aims of its society. Christian Endeavor, Rev. De Witt S. Clarke, D.D.; Epworth League, Rev. E. M. Taylor, D.D.; Baptist Union, Mr. Frederic T. Bailey; Christian Union, Rev. Ashley A. Smith; Religious Union, Rev. Thomas Van Ness. The notably inspiring singing of the Union rally hymns will not soon be forgotten.

On Friday interest was given to the topic "Unitarian Emphasis in Religion" by Rev. J. P. Forbes, Taunton, Rev. E. C. Butler, Quincy, Rev. S. C. Beane, D.D., Newburyport; and to "Church Extension" by Rev. William Brundage, D.D., of Albany, Rev. J. L. Marsh, Saco, Me., Rev. E. E. Newbert, Augusta, Me., Rev. D. M. Wilson, superintendent for New England.

Laymen's Day had for speakers Mr. William R. Billings of Taunton on "Why I am a Churchman," Mrs. M. L. Carver of Augusta on "The Hebrew Psalms," Hon. James O. Lyford, Concord, N.H., and Mrs. R. H. Davis, "The Dangers that confront us."

The committee which had these meetings in charge, Rev. D. M. Wilson, Mr. T. H. Elliott, Mr. George W. Stone, Rev. F. L. Phalen, and Rev. Alfred Gooding, deserve and are receiving unstinted praise for the remarkable success of the meetings. There is a general desire that in some form they should be continued in years to come. The fine solo work of Miss Ross, the accompanist of the convention, and the songs of Miss Marion H. Stearns of Brookline and Miss Hoyt of Portsmouth, gave great pleasure, and added much to the beauty of the services.

Newport, R.I.—The annual meeting of the Channing Memorial Church was very largely attended June 28, there being considerable feeling in regard to the withdrawal of certain pew-holders and members of the congregation, owing to the legal separation which has recently been publicly announced between the present pastor and his wife. A resolution suggesting the retirement of the pastor was, however, negatived by a vote of 48 to 11. A proposition was then made adjourning the meeting for four weeks, so as to give time to the Finance Committee of the trustees to prepare and submit at this adjourned meeting, some plan by which the deficiency in income could be met or the expenses reduced.

Norton, Mass.—Children's Sunday was observed at the Unitarian church Sunday, June 27. Four children were baptized. Rev. F. W. Holden preached an interesting sermon to the children in the morning. The Guild of the Good Shepherd, which has conducted evening meetings through the entire year, has suspended services during July and August. Union temperance services have been held once in three months at the various churches in town.

Portland, Ore.—After the stimulus the conference left us we have settled down

into steady ways again, approaching the summer vacation. Dr. and Mrs. Eliot have gone to Hood River, as usual, for the summer; and Mr. Wilbur is at Multnomah Falls, camping with a party of the boys of his Sunday-school, and exploring the many places of interest in that vicinity with them. The William G. Eliot Fraternity held its last Sunday evening meeting early in May. Plans are already in preparation for next year's work, in which the Fraternity's study class will take up Colonial History. The vesper services were discontinued at the beginning of June, for the season, and the Sunday-school at the end of the month. Morning services will be maintained without interruption during the summer, Mr. Wilbur remaining in the city for most of the time, relieved occasionally by Dr. Eliot or supplies.—*Pacific Unitarian.*

San Bernardino, Cal.—Unity Sunday-school held its last session, before closing for the summer vacation, on June 20. A number of parents and friends of the pupils were present to take part in the exercises. The flower service was read, and songs and recitations in praise of summer were given instead of the usual lessons. In concluding the programme, the superintendent gave a short review of the past year's work. When, in last September, the mothers of three or four families met and agreed that they would provide a place where their children could learn their Sabbath lessons in their own way, and where what was learned would not have to be unlearned, it was not expected that there would be more than a dozen to be taught. But the first Sunday proved that an underestimate had been made, for there were more than double that number. The school steadily increased, until in January there were forty names enrolled, and the attendance was good. The great drawback was the lack of sufficient teachers,—those that came could not be excelled in faithfulness or efficiency, but were too few in number,—the advanced class being too large. The lessons studied were the one-topic series,—"The Teachings of Jesus" and the "Beginnings of Christianity." To give additional interest, the lives and works of some of the "Modern Disciples" were taken notice of, and emphasis laid on their religious belief, so that the young people should be fully impressed with the fact of how great a part of the world's work has been done by Unitarians. Taking everything into consideration, we feel that we have done well, and that the future holds great promise in store.—*Pacific Unitarian.*

San Francisco, Cal.: *First Church.*—Services have continued during June without interruption, but will be suspended for a part of July. On June 20 Dr. Stebbins preached a sermon on the Anglo-Saxon race, referring incidentally to the Queen's Jubilee, but dwelling especially on the rise and development of the race and the place it holds in the world to-day. Referring to the relations between England and America, he said: "It is the theme and historic idea of the Anglo-Saxon race to extend the power and blessing of constitutional government over the earth. Whatever selfishness, jealousy, and rivalry exist between nations, England and America are one in the great purpose for which nations are made,—to establish justice and law and freedom on the earth. There is no interest so important to humanity to-day as the relation between Englishmen and Americans. No people or nations can have such influence on the opinions of the civilized world as this race that seems providentially to control the earthly destiny of humanity. The Sunday-school takes a rest during the vacation of the public schools. *Pacific Unitarian.*

Spring Valley, Minn.—Last February the People's Church was organized as an Independent Church. Dr. Harmon preaches or lectures each Sunday morning and evening in the Opera House. The average attendance per Sunday is about six hundred. The membership of the Sunday-school is nearly two hundred, of the Young People's Society over one hundred, of the Ladies' Aid Society over one hundred, and of the Mid-week Club seventy-five. The Young People's Society has had as many as one hundred and fifty at its Sunday evening meetings. The People's Church has taken a lease of the Opera House for five years, bought one hundred hymn-books for the congregation, has a chorus choir, four members of which are paid a salary for their service.

Wollaston, Mass. — The Unitarian church has closed for the summer, after the most successful and prosperous year it has known. The services throughout the year and up to the date of closing, were exceptionally large. The Unity Club closed with a grand banquet, at which over one hundred members and about forty invited guests sat down.

Two weddings were celebrated in the church in June, in which month also the children's flower service took place, at which nine babies were baptized.

July 9 the annual Sunday-school picnic came off at Highland Park, Brockton, to which the children and their friends were conveyed in specially chartered electric cars.

Rev. James E. and Mrs. Bagley and family have now gone to spend a few weeks among the Green Mountains of Vermont.

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